PIONEER STORIES

BY
SHERLEY CLAYTON
DILLARD, OREGON

MEMORIES OF LONG AGO

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A drive up Roberts Creek way is cheerful and beautiful any time of the year. A short distance up the winding country road we come to a farm home by the wayside where a beloved pioneer lady lives with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Leland McIntyre. She is Mrs. Susan Winston, one of the early "old residents" of the county, having lived here all of her life. To her large circle of friends, she is commonly known as "Susie".

A friend inquired of Mrs. Winston, "How are you today?" She replied, "I am feeling fine. I only wish that everyone in the world was feeling as well as I am today." What beautiful words . . . wonderful words. They will always be appreciated and remembered.

Susie loves the story of the yesterdays. She recalls a memory about a wonderful event which was taking place in the early 80's. This is the story:

"I am a member of pioneer parents. Father was Henry Lander and mother was Nancy Emiline Jones. The Joneses are early settlers of 1851. Mother's uncle, Isaac Jones, operated a flour mill in Roseburg at the confluence of Deer Creek and the South Umpqua River in the 1850's.

"My parents settled in the Green District, 6 miles south of Roseburg in 1865. I was born on the old home place August 2, 1871, and was the fourth child of a family of ten. All of us children received our early book learning in the old Green School, which was then located a quarter mile south of Kelly's Corner on the Oregon-California stage road.

"I wish to recall a most wonderful event of my life as my memory returns to the early 80's. The most thrilling days of my childhood were those when the Oregon-California railroad was building their line through this part of the country in May, 1882. I was a little girl 11 years old at the time and was attending the old Green school. The schoolhouse was built in 1870.

The railroad was being constructed just below the school site. They used horses and mules in those days for construction work. We children had heard many glamorous stories about the railroad and the great changes it would bring to us. On numerous occasions we would go down where the railroad men were working to observe what was taking place. There were many familes living in the railroad camp and their children attended classes in our school. There were 40 of us. The teacher was John E. Day and he always went along to see that we were in order.

"On one of these occasions a railroad official told the teacher

they were moving camp that day to Dillard. A large steam engine hooked to a few cars was standing on the track. They were preparing to go to Green, the new station, a mile down the railroad, to get the cook car. Being that the children took such an outstanding interest in the development of the project, the official instructed the teacher that if he would go along and be responsible for the children's behavior, the children could ride to the new station and back. The teacher declared it was a splendid idea.

We were all a happy group, excited and dancing with joy. This was the first time I and many of the other children had ever seen a train. What a thrilling experience! We all climbed onto a flat car and sat down and away we went. The ride on the new railroad was a thrill of my life.

"As at all times when everything is prosperous and going well, a young man in the forties by the name of John Kelly had charge of a little plank shanty in the railroad camp. This was the liquor house where alcoholic beverages were sold to the thirsty ones, which caused many difficulties at times. When the camp was moved, the whiskey house always went along.

"I must admit that it is a great pleasure for me to reveal another great event when my memory takes me back to an entertainment, when we celebrated the last day of school one Friday night, June 8, 1882. Kerosene lamps were used for lighting in those days.

"Our teacher, John E. Day, selected very good talent for the occasion. Many musical selections were greatly enjoyed all through the evening. Bill Boggs served as violinist and Bob Boggs played the piccolo. Professor and Mrs. B. A. Cathy of Riddle were both famous in their musical careers. Mrs. Cathy presided at the organ.

"Now, a word about this old-time music. Yes, they all played well. Their music was sweet to everybody's ears on that June night. You know, I would travel a long way to hear those old tunes played once again. They may not stand the test of this day and age, but they were swell in their day.

"The school house was packed that night. Farmers and their families in all directions turned out. The railroad construction workers and their families came down from Dillard. Their children attended our school before the railroad camp was moved. The talk of the new railroad wqs on everybody's lips.

"One of the events I remember so well that evening was when a young civil engineer of the railroad company escorted Sadie Flournoy, a young damsel of 19, to the entertainment. The head officials of the railroad wore a special-make uniform and headgear. It was quite amusing to us little folks when we observed Miss Sadie wearing the young escort's cap. Sadie is the late Mrs. Joe Sheridan.

"All these facts provide me with fond and lasting memories of an age that now only rests in history.

"Dating back to a long-gone era, these are sweet memories to be living our courting days once again. I was married to George Winston in Roseburg on June 21, 1894. On many occasions, George would come with old Dime, a white mare, and we would go cart riding on Sunday afternoons. The old mare and the cart belonged to George's uncle, W. C. Winston, for whom he worked.

"Folk dancing in the neighboring homes was a great pastime in the gay 90's. There were the round dances, the waltz, the two-step, many quadrilles, and now and then a minuet. George played the violin while someone chorded on an organ.

"When we settled down to a peaceable married life, our new home was on the lower side of the old Roseburg-Myrtle Point Stage Road. In the early days, this acreage was a part of the old Jake Spaur place. It is located today across Highway 99 from the present Evergreen Grange Hall.

"We built our house in the fall of 1894. The lumber for the dwelling was sawed from the Ferguson Sawmill in Camas Valley. My husband and a brother, John Lander, would leave early in the morning and would return late the following day with the material. Those were the days of muddy and dusty roads.

"I knew Roseburg when it was only a little pup. With our fine paved highways and cement walks, it is hard to realize that in those days such improvements were not known in the county. The town had sidewalks and crosswalks. You had to be quite active to get over the great chunks of adobe mud which fell from the spokes of wagon wheels while crossing the street.

"Before my day, there was a generation of heroic pioneers who really experienced the real hardships of which we have little conception. They had the courage and fortitude to overcome them and leave a fine heritage to their descendants.

"Now, about papers, magazines, and other reading material. We subscribed to the old Roseburg Plaindealer. This was a weekly newspaper and the only one published in the county at that time. We went to Roseburg, a distance of six miles, to get our mail. Saturday was our mail day unless something happened. C. G. Stanton was the postmaster then. I still take a Roseburg paper.

"I was the founder of the Evergreen Grange in the Green District on March 22, 1911, held the office of Master and was Secretary for many years. In 1929, I sold the Grange the site where the present hall is located at an amazingly low price.

"In addition to this I was chosen Secretary and Treasurer of the Civil Bend Cemetery Association on June 14, 1921, and remained in that capacity for 25 years. When I took over the office, there was only $5 in the treasury. Today there is about $3000.

"My husband was a native of the midwest, having been born in Pontiac, Illinois, on October 29, 1867. He came to Oregon at the age of 19; stayed in the West three months and then returned to

the West the second time when 21. Most of his adult life was engaged in agriculture. He was a life-long member of the Seventh Day Adventist Church and served as chaplain of both Evergreen Grange and Douglas County Pamona Grange for many years. He passed away at the family home on July 5, 1938."

MRS. G. W. WINSTON, 85, NATIVE DAUGHTER, DIES

Mrs. George W. (Susan Alice) Winston, 85, life-long resident of the Roseburg area, died at her home on the Roberts Creek Road Sunday night, June 16, 1957, following a prolonged illness.

She was born August 2, 1871, in the Green district near Roseburg, the daughter of Henry and Nancy Jones Landers, pioneer residents of this area. She was married in Roseburg, June 21, 1894, to George W. Winston, who died July 5, 1938.

She was a charter member of the Evergreen Grange; for many years Secretary of the Civil Bond Cemetery Association, and was a member of the Salvation Army.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Leland (Anna) McIntire, Roseburg; two sisters, Mrs. Emma Prather, Portland, and Mrs. Mable Grandstrom, Mill City; two grandchildren, Mrs. Stella Bohme and George W. French, both of Roseburg; and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held in the chapel of Long and Orr Mortuary, June 19, 1957, at 2 P.M. with Lt. Francis Kellerer of the Salvation Army officiating. Concluding services and interment followed in Civil Bond cemetery at Winston.

THE STORY OF DILLARD

BY

Shirley Clayton

Dillard, Oregon

October 10th, 1956

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THE STORY OF DILLARD

By Sherley Clayton
Dillard, Oregon
1956

THIS is the story of Dillard, that fertile little valley situated nine miles southwest of Roseburg. The little community is the home of those fruit bearing orchards, gardens, and the towering evergreen myrtles that line its river banks. Dillard is the center of a rich timber industry and a dream that came true for a group of the world's finest people.

Just how long Dillard's history goes back nobody knows for sure. It is believed the first white man settled on its soil in the late 1840s. Much of its history is unwritten; but unfortunately those who laid their foundations here are not surviving, and upon the faith of their memories we must depend upon the accuracy of their records, or even still, if the green hills which look down upon us could talk, they could tell us many interesting and strange stories of those who came before us; of if our red brothers could return to our midst, they too could relate to us many legends which would outdo the "Thrillers" which we read about today. But no such miracle would be possible. We shall now set our hands to the task and put together that which we have accumulated through the years, dedicating it reverently to those who came before us, our Pioneer Ancestors.

The Civil Bend Country

At the arrival of the white man more than one hundred years ago, this area was known as the Civil Bend Country, It embraced what we know today as Brockway, Winston, and Dillard. Many people have wondered why it was so named.

Civil Bend is one of the most amusing names for a place in Douglas County. It was the laughing stock of the country because the people who lived in the locality possessed uncivil dispositions.

The famous Dillard bottom lies in the bend or a reverse kink in the South Umpqua River. The other bend in the river begins at the concrete bridge north of Dillard and encircles the fertile Winston Valley, termininating a short distance below the Winston bridge.

The name is said to refer to the boisterous activities of visitors who came to the celebrations and to see the horse races in the early days. They were held in the bend of the river. There was always plenty of drinking and many fights on these occasions. For that reason, the place was called Civil Bend.

The First Settlers

Dillards beginning reverts back even further than the date when the John M. Dillards arrived in the spring of 1851.

The first settler in the vicinity of present Dillard was a man by the name of Skinner who migrated there from the east. He had a wife and two little girls. Very little is known of the family, but it is beleived that the Skinners filed their squatters rights in the late eighteen forties. They lived on their claim of 640 acres nearly a year.

The story goes on to relate that Skinner packed his mules and left for parts unknown somewhere in the Oregon Territory. Mrs. Skinner and her two little daughters lived in their cabin on the claim for six months later.

One day John Slooper was sojourning through the vicinity in the early days. While traveling over the hills, he stopped to gaze down upon a beautiful valley. This was the land of his dreams.

When Slooper visited at the cabin home of Mrs. Skinner, the sale of the property soon got under way. The purchase price of the 640 acres never was revealed. Mrs. Skinner relinquished her right of the claim to the stranger.

The transaction was closed. It never was known from that day to this what happened to Mrs. Skinner and the two children, but it is believed she joined her husband at some designated place.

The John M. Dillards

John McCord Dillard was born in Knox County, Kentucky, on August 16th, 1813. It is not known where his parents were residing in Knox County at that time. When a boy in his teens he went to Springfield, Green County, Missouri, to reside. Dillard was married when 19 years of age to Jane Martin on January 22nd, 1832. To them were born three sons; William Martin, James McCord, and Finis Winfield.

John M. Dillard was a farmer, mechanic, and Presbyterian minister. One time the Reverend Dillard had been out conducting a series of evangelistic services. When he returned home, he found a cyclone had come along and damaged their farm. The family decided they would leave Missouri.

Reverend Dillard made three wagons in which he and his family crossed the plains in 1850. The young men of those days understood how to do any kind of work that required their attention.

The making of harness was quite an art itself. The material used in the olden days was buffalo hides, deer and elk skins. The men sewed pieces of these skinns together and put stuffing inside to be used for collars. The collars were fitted on crooked oak limbs which were put around the necks of the horses. The tugs were made also from the hides. The iron required for harness making was fashioned in the blacksmith shop.

When the wagon train reached the mountain country the following fall, the snow storms had begun. The feed for the loose stock along the way was covered by the snow. While traveling through the Blue Mountains into eastern Oregon, all the cattle but one died from eating poisoned laurel rhododendron. The surviving animal was used to carry the Dillards's feather bed on to their destination.

It was 107 years ago when the John M Dillards left Springfield, Missouri. The cyclones and other destructive storms forced them to journey toward the setting sun. They had heard of the wonderful possibilities of the western states. Being inspired by the glamorous stories, they decided to venture out west. Their covered wagons were packed with personal possessions. The James D. Burnetts were also members of the immigration train. They started on their adventure in the spring of 1850.

The Dillard and Burnett families lived on French Prairie four miles east of the present site of Salem from the fall of 1850 to the middle of the spring of 1851. Mrs. Jane Dillard was a tailoress and obtained employment in a local store as a seamstress. She was paid $10.00 a pair for making men's buckskin trousers. She worked at that type of work while her husband and James D. Burnett were at the gold mines in California.

"Go to Gold Mines" '1850'

Early in 1848 a man was digging a mill race along the American River about 100 miles northeast of San Francisco when he found some yellow particles in the sand. He took his find to the man that owned the mill, Mr. Sutter. The mill owner declared,"You have discovered gold." As the news spread, great excitement arose and the gold fever swept the country by storm. Everybody wanted to dig for the precious metal. The old slow way of making a living was soon a thing of the past. Men were not interested in farming, lumbering or professional occupations. Gold was the order of the day. Thousands of people flocked to the mines from all corners of the country for several years, with all kinds of mining tools from a pocket knife to a pick. Prosperity was in full blossom everywhere.

The immigrants of 1850 went to the gold mines in California on horseback. They had three or four other horses to carry their necessary supples and their mining equipment. There was no road over Roberts Mountain in those days. The travelers followed the hill tops that stood guard over a very beautiful valley. The Reverend Dillard remarks to Mr. Burnett, "If this place is all right when we return from the mines, I will make an endeavor to buy it." (Dillard, Oregon) The vision came true.

They washed their fortunes from the California river beds in a few months and were ready to return to their families whom they left at French Prairie.

Buys Valley for $800 - 1851

On their return trip while riding over the hills they stopped to look across the valley. Spring was at its full beauty. Driftwood was all over the bottom land because of previous flooding on the South Umpqua River. Reverend Dillard said to Mr. Burnett, "This is the land of my choice."

They saw smoke arising from a cabin in the far distance. They went down the mountain to the cabin and found a lone man living there. The visitors identified themselves and explained the purpose of their mission.

The elderly man in the cabin introduced himself as John Slooper. He explained that Mrs. Skinner had transferred this 640 acres of rich land which they had filed on through the Squatter's Right Act.

Reverend John Dillard: "This is a very attractive valley. Would you be interested in a sale?"

John Slooper: "Yes, it is my intention to dispose of the property. I'm asking the sum of $800 for it."

The property deal was soon closed. Reverend Dillard paid the owner $800 in gold dust for the 640 acres. The next morning, the lone man who lived in the cabin loaded his few belongings into a wagon and headed toward the north. That was the last seen of John Slooper.

It may be interesting to the readers to note that this same land that Reverend Dillard purchased for $800 in 1851 now sells for $1,000 per acre.

Dillard and Burnett continued to French Prairie to return with their families to their new found homes, the latter locating on what we know today as the Round Prairie Ranch which is located four miles south of the Dillard Claim.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 resulted in much mining excitement and early settlements in the Umpqua Valley. Many claims were filed by pioneers who were passing through the area.

Improvements on the Dillard claim soon got under way. New buildings were put up - a blacksmith shop, granary, barn and an orchard set out. A 2 story dwelling was constructed according to the standards of 1854. The residence was built of collapsible walls. It was roofed with hand made shingles coming from Sugar Pine Mtn.

The dwelling was bought by the late M. L. Norris from S. C. Miller and moved to its present location in 1908. Rev. Leonard, a Baptist minister, operated the Dillard post office in the old house severalyears prior to its removal. The old landmark is 102 yrs. old, oneof the oldest in the county and is still in service.

Presbyterian Church Organized - 1854

After the home was established the Reverend Dillard felt the need for a Christian service. He was held in great esteem and was an outstanding religious leader in his day. He had great influence in bringing spiritual education to the people.

He organized a Presbyterian Church in 1854. In fact, this was the first church of this denomination organized in Douglas County. The services were conducted in an old plank shack built without any kind of ornamentation near the base of Bragg Mountain in Civil Bend, now Brockway. It is not recorded how long the Church was maintained. Reverend Dillard was an early day circuit rider. He was also one of the first officers in Laurel Lodge No. 13 when it was chartered in Roseburg on June 18, 1857.

First Public School Dist. 14 - 1855

A system of public education was the next movement established after the church was organized. The school was not forgotten. This was true on all American frontiers. The early settlers unfortunately could provide very little schooling for their children. They were taught reading, writing, spelling, and ciphering, or simple arithmetic.

The boundary lines for the new school district were surveyed in August, 1854. It was named the Willis Creek School Dist. No. 14. The district was named for Steven D. Willis who settled on the creek that bears his name on November 15th, 1853. It embraced the entire Civil Bend Country, also Rice Creek, Kent Creek and Willis Creek. Other districts within its boundaries were created when the population grew enough to require it.

The first school in this part of the country (Dist. No. 14) was built in the winter of 1855 at the mouth of Rice Creek. It was a log hut, dimly lighted, and with some peg-legged furniture. In those days they had large, handmade wooden desks, which made it easy for the boys to carve their initials at times between classes. Hand-planed boards were painted black and nailed to the log wall to serve as a blackboard. The parents were required to provide the text books and chalk for their children.

The record starts with the school opening in the spring of 1855. William Willis, later known as Judge Willis, was employed as teacher for one quarter term of school. He also served as the district's school clerk. Mathew Neeves taught the second quarter term of school in the following fall.

The teachers in those days, as a rule, were not highly educated as they are today. They were very strict and severe in the school room. Very little cash in the district was available. For a good part of their salary they "Boarded Around" with the families of the children they taught, making their stay longer or shorter depending on the number of children in the family.

There were 16 children in the entire district, ranging from four to nineteen years of age, with a daily attendance of ten. It may be interesting to note who the ten were that received their early booklearning in the little log cabin school 102 years ago. Those listed on the register were: Della Rice, the Kent girls, Henrietta, Annie, Virginia, Mary, and Lucindia, Thomas S. Gage, Sarah Elizabeth Cox, and James and Finis Dillard. (The latter were the only two living in the old original Dillard School District No. 116 in 1855.)

The story goes on to tell about the Cow Creek and Rogue River Indians touching the torch to the little log school building on the first day of December, 1855. The following year another log institution was constructed at the Old Pine Tree Ford where learning once more took up its course.

The district was divided in August, 1855. The new division was named the Civil Bend School District No. 16. It included Dillard, Winston, Brockway, and lower Kent Creek. School did not function in the new Civil Bend district until 1864.

Salt Spring

A salt spring was discovered on the Dillard Farm in the late 18 fifties. It was located on the hill above the Southern Pacific Depot. The salty water flowed from a large spring, covering about 1 - 1/2 or 2 acres of ground. During the summer it dried, leaving a salty crust.

Many deer and elk, also Indians, came to the spring to lick the salt. As many as 100 deer in a herd were seen there many times.

The salty water was boiled down to leave only the salt. It was put in grain sacks and sold as high as $1.00 per pound. These were the days when the gold mining was in full blast at Jacksonville in Southern Oregon. Soon after this John Dillard established a refinery, the price of salt was reduced to 25 cents per pound.

The Great Flood - 1861

It was in December, 1861 that the greatest flood in its history visited the Umpqua Valley. The snow was piled white and deep in the mountains. The weather turned warm all over the country. The melting snow and the rain filled the South Umpqua River and its tributaries to overflowing. It was in the latter part of November of that year when it started to rain. It poured hard and steadily. On Sunday, December 1, there was a tremendous rise in the river, and it still rained harder until the next Sunday, December 8. The country everywhere was flooded. From the foothill where the Dillard depot is now situated, there was a large body of water to the foothills on the west side of the river. The Redding place on Kent Creek was underwater.

The late W. W. Walker, an old timer of the valley, told a story more than 60 years ago about the "Great Flood of '61". It goes like this: The Walkers and their four small children, Edgar, Tom, Agnes, and Ruby, were living on what we identify as the Meyer's place down river from Winston bridge in the Winston Valley. Their house was on a knoll above flood stage.

A large oak tree stood at the base of a hill near the Walker home. A small pine tree was lodged in the forks of the oak above the ground. It remained there for several years. One day a stranger came riding along and he inquired of Walker, "How did that happen? Walker replied, "The flood of '61' put it there."

Another story that is remembered was told by the late Robert Phipps. The legend is about a half grown hog being lost in the flood. The scene was the Phipps claim near the site of the present home of Mrs. Abner Rice, on the Willis Creek Road. It happened this way...

One day Robert Phipps was riding his horse on his farm after the flood waters had receded. While passing by a tree his attention was attracted by a sound. To his amazement the noise came from a pig fastened high in the crotch of a tree. From his horse, Phipps reached up and removed the animal to safety. Although a little weak and stiff from being in such a position, the swine had a grunt and plenty of squeals left in him. The story goes on to relate that a little later some fine hams were seen hanging in the Phipps smoke house.

The worst flood disaster was the destruction of Scottsburg. It was completely washed off the face of the earth at one single stroke. Scottsburg was the nearest sea port town to southern Oregon in those days, (Larger than Portland). The large ocean freighters from San Francisco sailed in there loaded with cargoes. Southern Oregon depended on Scottsburg for their supplies, which were delivered by pack trains and wagons.

On January 1, 1862, it began to snow. Everything was covered. Then it turned cold and began to freeze. The mercury dropped below zero. The river at Dillard was frozen over and men drove teams and wagons across on the ice. David J. Noah, now deceased, told a story about crossing the river on the ice with a load of hay when the Noahs lived in Happy Valley. The cold weather continued for days and days. Farmers got out of feed for their stock. The wild birds, ducks, and geese came into the yard to pick up crumbs. Wild animals came out of the mountains in search of food. It has gone down in history as "The Hard Winter"... the great flood in '61' and the snow and cold in '62'.

Early Day Threshing - 1879 or 1880

Never before had there been such an abundance of material riches produced from the soil as there was all through the valley about 1879 or 1880. Crops of all kinds were large. The barns were full of the bounteous harvest and feed was plentiful all through the hills. The little streams that were generally dry in the summer went flowing happily toward the sea.

The old slow way of harvesting with the scythe and the cradle became only a memory. In those days the farmers threshed out their crops by horses walking over the bundles of grain arranged in a circle upon a hard platform floor or on a large canvas; while others beat their grain out with a flail. The grain was separated from the chaff by throwing it into the air so the wind could blow the chaff away. This was great sport for the early day teen-agers.

With the coming of modern horse-drawn machinery such as binders, mowers, and hay rakes, it wasn't long until the majority of farmers had joined the march of time. The new era of farming had greatly increased farm acreage, especially in wheat. The Rev. John Dillard raised between 16 or 18 thousand bushels of grain on his large farm about 1879 or 1880. This was before the arrival of the railroad. The prices on grain held up well for several years. Wheat at one time was quoted at $1.00 per bushel.

It isn't known what brand of a machine was used on the Dillard Farm, but it could have been an Old Buffalo Pitts Thresher. They were on the market in the late eighteen sixties.

However, it was operated by horses hitched to sweeps. For the 24-inch cylinder type, it took 10 horses and for the 28-inch it was necessary to use 12. The driver stood on a small platform in the center, with a short stock with a lash on the end of it for a whip. The cracker on the tip of the lash was made of coarse thread heavily waxed. Sometimes at the end of the season the cracker would be pretty well worn.

It took quite a crew to operate these machines back in the 80's. In addition, a group of boys generally followed the threshing season. Fido and Shep sometimes went along. Here is a listing of the crew--one power driver, two feeders, two band cutters, one measure man, one sack holder, four bundle pitchers or two men on each stack, three or four straw stackers, two men each with a wagon to haul the grain to the granary, and one man to empty the sacks at the granary. The wages were $1.00 per day while the feeders were paid $1.50. A day's work in those times was from daylight till dark.

The late Thomas A. Walker of Coquille, Oregon told a story many years ago while visitingin the Umpqua Valley about working with the thresher on Reverend Dillard's farm. The Walkers were living on Ken Creek at the time. The Walker boys worked around at odd jobs. The story is told like this.

It was along in October about 1879 or 1880 when they were threshing on the Dillard farm. The crop was exceedingly large. It lasted about a month. The entire Dillard bottom was in grain.

The people of those days were different from modern society of today. When they went to work early they did not turn the clock up an hour. They were in the fields when the stars were shining and they left the field when the stars were shining.

One morning a heavy fog hung over the entire valley. It was dark and foggy and the men could not find the threshing machine. They scattered out over the large area in search of the lost thresher. It wasn't long until the machine was located and threshing continued until the stars in the sky began twinkling.

The most enjoyable part of the threshing season was the farm tables loaded down with good things to eat. Many an old timer of today remembers the tables at threshing time, a common sight in the farm homes. Their wants were simple and they were competent to provide for the most of these things.

Appetizing arrays of food would weigh the tables down - fruit pies with rich juices staining the rich crusts, roast beef, pork and fried chicken from their own flocks and herds, brilliantly colored vegetables and fruits, cinnamon brown gingerbread, cakes and wild game. Plates of fluffy sour-dough biscuits always found their way to the breakfast table in the wee hours of the morning.

The Beginning of the Railroad - 1869

There were no railroads south of Portland until 1869. In the early sixties a few miles ofnarrow gauge railroad had been built along the Columbia River, but Oregon had no railroad of consequence until Ben Holliday, who was famous in western history as stage coach, steamship and railroad promoter, took hold of a floundering enterprise and in 1869 built the first unit of a railroad that was destined to develop into a system of more than 1300 miles of rail lines now operated in this state by Southern Pacific.

The United States government awarded Holliday a specified length of time to complete the project. He had a problem combating winter floods that washed away bridges and undermined track. The struggle was completed on the "eleventh Hour" just before the government's time limit had expired. The first steel rail was laid on October 28, 1869, and on Christmas Eve of that year the first 20 mile section of railroad from Portland south to Parrot Creek near the town of New Era was ready for operation. Six days later a J. B. Stephens locomotive type pulled the first excursion train over the new road. (December 30th, 1869) This was the Central Oregon Railroad Co.

The event was hailed with great enthusiasm throughout the state. It was the common talk in the country stores and shops. The building of a railroad connecting Portland and San Francisco had for almost 10 years commanded the attention of progressive citizens, particularly those living in the isolated interior valleys. An outlet for their surplus production by water and freight wagons was a very slow mode of transportation. With 20 miles of long-looked-for railroad now completed, it was confidently expected that three or four years, at the most, would see the entire road in operation connecting Oregon and California. Yet, 18 years went by before the vision came true.

The railroad was placed in operation to Roseburg on December 3, 1872. This was the day that Roseburg saw its first train. Construction stopped there and no further work was done on the road for nine years. Holliday had exhausted his funds and was on the verge of bankruptcy. The panic came in April, 1873, and the whole nation was in a terrible crisis. The following year, 1874, Henry Villard and Richard Kohler came from Germany to take over the enterprise in the interest of the foreign bond holders.

The Great Panic - 1873

There were always hard times after the close of any war. President Grant's second administration had hardly opened in 1873 before the country was in the midst of one of the most depressing financial depressions it had yet suffered.

Prior to this, business was at its peak. Everybody was in the best of circumstances. Money came easy and itwent easy. People not only wanted more money, but to make it more quickly than before. Corporations did business on a larger scale and reached out for more business. Railroads grew faster than population.

While this great change in business was taking place, the government decreased the national debt by taking 100 million dollars of greenbacks out of circulation. In 1871 more than 61 Million Dollars in gold and silver were taken from the United States to Europeam nations because this country bought more goods from them than was sold to them. The destructive fires in Chicago in 1871 and in Boston in 1872 destroyed 300 million dollars worth of government property.

All these things, and others, unsettled business. When the rich firm of Jaye Cooke & Co., a large banking establishment, went broke, exciting scenes took place in New York City. Throngs of angry people filled the sidewalks in the vicinity of Wall Street. Mobs swarmed into the basement of the building occupied by the doomed firm, climbed over the failings and even forced their way into the offices. Officers were called to preserve order and to protect the firm.

The excitement spread and the whole country was up in arms. Banks were attacked everywhere, but this only made matters worse. Over 10 thousand business failures occurred in 1873 and 1874. Railroad companies were practically brought to a stand still. Men, women and children suffered for want of food. Parents could not buy shoes for their children. The numberof tramps greatly increased. Bread lines and soup kitchens sprang up in the nation's larger cities. The greatest loss and greatest suffering were borne by the millions of wage earners who where thrown out of employment or had their wages reduced.

Dillard's First Store - 1880

James M. Dillard imported the first stock of general merchandise and opened a grocery store in Dillard in 1880 prior to the coming of the railroad. The stock was ample and well selected. The business proved to be an outstanding success. Jim Dillard was the forerunner of a long list of successful merchants.

The building which housed the first store was a small plank structure that measured up to the standards of the 80's. It was located where now stands the late M. L. Norris home along Highway 99.

It used to be that a man could go into an old country store in some little wayside settlement, set down on a nail keg, put his feet up on the side railings of the old pot-bellied wood stove and be at ease. After passing the time of day and spinning a few yarns with the neighbors he could move around leisurely and attend to his business of buying. The food most usually was sitting in the open within easy reach of the eye, nose and hand. He could get pretty well acquainted with thegroceries he was buying by the surest method of all--tasting. This is not so today. To mention one thing, they have erected a tough cellophane barrier between him and the article he buys. Now he can look but he cannot smell, nor taste, and we all know, looks are deceiving. One old timer declared she "would rather do her shopping in the days of old".

When S. L. Dillard took overhis father's interest in the store, he moved the building to a location near the river where the residence of Bert and Kate Hayden now stands on Church Street. The moving took place in 1894. A lean-to was built on the north side of the store to serve as a storeroom.

Dillard disposed of his business in 1900 to Luther Milledge. The following year in July the family moved to Roseburg where they have since resided. It was in 1905 when O. H. Pickens entered into partnership with Milledge. The business was then conducted under the name of "Milledge and Pickens General Merchandise". Another transaction transpired when the latter merchants transferred the firm to Ben Hunsaker. The Hunsakers operated the store for two years when the F. G. Buells of Myrtle Creek became interested in the mercantile business. That sale was closed in August of 1910. The Buells had enjoyed a thriving business for a little more than q quarter of a century, when they retired in July 1936.

The old store building stands no more. It was torn down in 1925 after the Buell's opened a new store along Highway 99. Fred Buell was the first merchant in the Dillard community to install gasoline pumps to supply the horseless carriages.

The boy in the picture standing by the gas pumps is Jim Laurance. Taken by Sherley Clayton - 1920.

The Blacksmith Shop and the Hotel

The blacksmith shop in early days was located on the site of the old Pete Wright Home just north of the present Fosback store. John M. Dillard

operated the shop for many years. The then thriving business specialized in the making of wagon wheels.

A well was dug in front for the shop's water supply. The days of these early day well providing water for every one are entirely gone.

The few people in the little frontier settlement used the well water for drinking, cooking, bathing and washing clothes. Every one large enough to carry a bucket congregated daily at the well for a chat -- virtually a town meeting at times - and to draw up a supply of water.

The lone well is an old fashioned country type. Water was drawn in a long galvanized bucket tied to a white cotton rope. The rope was wound around a piece of wood. A windlass, or a handle was used to let the bucket down into the well and then draw it up again filled with sparkling cold water. Today, the well is traveled over by hundreds of cars on Hiway 99.

In later years John Gider was operator of the blacksmith shop. Gider's wife was the former Sarah Rice of Rice Creek.

Dillard's first hotel was a large two-storey plank building located where now stands the postoffice. Proprietors were Mr. and Mrs. Stacey. After it was torn down a new hotel was built in the early 80's, which was before Dillard boasted of its reailroad. One of Dillard's old landmarks, it is now the present home of the Mason Davidsons.

The First Train In Dillard - 1883

It was six years before the country fully recovered from the great panic of 1873. Industrial life began to take a new look. When President James A. Garfield took over the reigns of government in March 1881, the country was enjoying unusual prosperity. Business increased enormously while railroad construction began where it left off before the crash.

It is remembered that a disappointed office seeker fatally shot the President July 2, 1881, as he was about to take the train to celebrate the Fourth of July in his old college town. For three months, the nation was moved by the deepest sympathy, while the noble sufferer hovered between life and death. President Garfield died at Long Branch, New Jersey, on September 19, 1881. He was succeeded by Vice President Chester A. Arthur.

The building of the Oregon California Railroad was resumed from Roseburg in June 1881 with its large influx of railroad construction gangs camped along the right of way. The little one room school houses were crowded during the construction period.

When the miracle road had been completed as far south as Glendale, it was announced the first train would arrive. There were no telephones or radios in those days. Dillard at that time was very thinly settled. The only transportation was the horse, buggy, and the bicycle. Everyone did his part in spreading the news through the hills and the dales the time the train would arrive in Dillard.

The appointed day, Sunday morning about 10:45 o'clock May 13, 1883 dawned bright and clear for that historic hour which was about to occur in the little wayside community. All morning housewives hurried about their churning and bread-making, while the men and boys got their chores done in order to listen to the tall tales the settlers had to tell. There was a rumor that this was the day. The great day that the train came through.

It was a colorful throng that congregated around the old Dillard Store, more than 73 years ago, awaiting the arrival of the first train. It was only a few steps from there to the new depot.

Bearded farmers and backwoodsmen carved their plugs of tobacco and lit their corn cob pipes while talking about the train. There was great excitement and talk of how this wonderful project would affect their wives and children.

It was an interesting discussion and the common talk in the school. One old farmer said, "The story is hard to believe, a railroad, a real railroad, that will soon go all the way to California." The farmers would get rich. The iron horse would haul their wheat and other farm products to market. Emigrants, they argued, would come here from the east by the multitudes to settle. Their relatives and friends would have a way provided to come and visit them. Property would increase in value. New industries would spring up and more jobs would be available. Wealth was just around the corner. The coming of the railroad would put an end to isolation and many hardships, they declared. To them it seemed that old things had passed away, while all things were becoming new.

On schedule, the toot of the locomotive was heard at the mile post north of Dillard and black smoke was seen to ascend from the firey nostrils of the iron horse. On it came with puffing and a roar that was terrifying to unaccustomed ears. A group of sightseers were assembled on the depot grounds to see a large steam engine pulling a train of cars on wheels. It is comical to recall that a few old hill billies didn't put too much trust in the approaching monster. They stood back about 25 or 30 feet from the track to make sure that they were far enough away from all impending danger. The speed was about 12 to 15 miles per hour. Many of the curiosity seekers had never seen that type of wagon before.

The train consisted of a baggage car and two or three passenger coaches of elegant design with comfortable seats upholstered in crimson velvet plush. There were four large carbon lights attached to the coach's ceiling. The conductor lighted them with a two foot torch. At each end of the coach was a fountain filled with ice cold water. The rear coach on the train had bright red wheels. It was said to be the private car in which the officials of the Oregon and California Railroad and other dignitaries were riding.

It has been recalled that the steam locomotive weighed about 25 tons and burned cord wood. A great surprise in those days that it was so heavy and a greater surprise to the present generation that it was so light. The huge Diesel engine of today weighs five times as much as its ancestor.

There will be no more such sight-seeing experiences. The sight those people saw back in the days of "83" belongs to a past, an almost forgotten age.

A Load of Seed Grain - 1883

Every community has its past history, joy and funny experiences. Here is a brief legend that has created much laughter and fun down through the years. The story is well remembered and has been told and retold. However, the scene would make a rip-roaring television program.

It was Robert Phipps who staked out his land claim of 160 acres in 1852. In lateryears he added to his original acreage of buying adjoining claims. The farm included 1,260 acres. Some years later he owned a large ranch at Green six miles south of Roseburg. Phipps was a prominent pioneer farmer who was famous for high-bred stock raising and for production grain.

For the benefit of our new neighbors, who have come recently to our midst, it might be well to locate the large Phipps farm. It included all the land south of the present town site of Dillard extending to the green bridge that spans the South Umpqua River on Highway 99. Prior to the construction of the highway, the old timers identified the south boundary line as the Red Front. Many years ago a little red shanty sat beside the railroad track above the present green bridge. It was used by the night watchman in the winter time. In the event the mountain should slide down on the railroad, the avalanche could be reported immediately. On numerous occasions, the section employees would build a fire in the cast iron heater and eat their lunch within on rainy days. Many a weary traveler trudging along the railroad appreciated the comfort in the little red shanty on stormy nights.

When the officials of the Oregon California Railroad Company were seeking a right of way through this area in 1881, Phipps took an intelligent inter-

est in the advancement and welfare of his community and willingly contributed a right-of-way through both of his farms toward the development. He came from West Chester, Pennsylvania in 1851 and, consequently, understood the advantages of railroads and other modes of transportation.

The farm at Green was of the black mud type, while the one at Dillard was the sandy loam or river bottom variety. The grain produced in the black mud soil was planted on the river bottom land and vice versa. This farming experience proved to be an outstanding success.

Jim McDonald, a red-haired Irish boy, lived at the family home on the Green ranch and did all the necessary farm work, while Phipps and another boy, Hyman Huntly, then 16, maintained a light batching outfit on the farm south of Dillard. There were no bridges in those days and the river had to be forded enroute to either ranch.

It was in November 1883 and the fall crop was not planted. The seed grain was at the ranch in Green. Unfortunately, the early rains had raised the river beyond fording. There was a problem--how was the grain to be brought to the Dillard farm. The idea of packing in enough grain for seeding wasn't a pleasant idea. Finally, after much thought and deliberation, Phipps got the idea of using the Oregon-California Railroad push car.

Early the next morning Phipps and his hired boy mounted their saddle horses and rode through the hills to the ranch in Green. Here they spent most of the day sacking grain from the seed bins to make a wagon load. After this task was accomplished, Phipps instructed Jim McDonald, the Irish boy, to haul the grain over Roberts Mountain to the railroad crossing at the Round Prairie Ranch early the following morning where he and Huntley would meet him. Then Phipps and Huntley rode back to the ranch south of Dillard. After doing the chores, enjoying a fine supper and a rest by the fireplace, they retired for the night.

Early the next morning, Phipps, the farmer, and hired boy were up when the roosters began crowing. After partaking of a good old farm breakfast, they took an old gentle Percheron team, "Sam and Bill" and started down the railroad track toward Dillard. A short distance below the ranch house a long push car was parked on a "take off" which was used previously by the section hands. The couple placed the push car on the rails, hitched the team to it, and proceeded south to the Round Prairie railroad crossing according to schedule. Here was McDonald waiting with a wagon load of that precious seed grain. The three men transferred the grain to the push car and headed down the track to the Phipps' ranch about three miles north of the railroad crossing. The boys served as flagmen; one in the rear and the other in front.

There were very few trains in those days. Everything was going well until they reached the straightaway just around the curve from the Red Front. All of a sudden here came a train whistling and ringing the bell for the right of way. Jim McDonald, the flagman,

brought the special to a standstill. To their surprise, the passengers on board were a group of dignitaries and big shots of the Oregon-California Railraod Company going over the new road.

The railroad dignitaries were quite amazed when they alighted and found a load of grain piled high on the company's push car drawn by a team of horses. They chain-smoked big black cigars.

Official: "Who are you and what are you doing with such an outfit as that on the track?"

Phipps: "I am Bob Phipps of Dillard. As to the rest of it, I say, damn a man with eyes that cannot see. I gave you people several miles of ground through the ranch here and the one at Green for your railroad and it is my intention to get a little use out of it."

This saucy reply caused some of the dignitaries to be furious, but certainly brought much laughter from others in the group.

Official: "How do you expect us to get by with you perched up on top of the grain with those horses hitched to that rig?"

Phipps: "That is simple. All of you big shots and your train outfit can help unload this ton of grain beside the railroad. When that job is done we will lift the push car from the rails and then you can pull your train by. I want to remind you people that you are to put the push car back on the track and load it up again. Then you can go on your way and we will go on ours."

Some of the officials were not in favor of the idea. Finally, after much arguing the head official of the railroad gave orders to comply with the terms of the decision. When the task was completed, everyone was happy. The old conductor hollered "all aboard" while Phipps and the two boys climbed on top of the load of grain, took off their hats and waved the excursion train a friendly goodby.

The story goes on to relate that the Phipps' farm produced the largest crop in history. When the trains went racing through the large Phipps' domain the crews were attracted by acres of golden grain waving in the cool summer breeze on each side of the track. When they thought of the many hungry and suffering people abroad that the bountiful harvest would feed, the officials of the Oregon and California Railroad Company all proclaimed, "Bob Phipps' push car idea was a good plan after all."

The Post Office - 1884

The Dillard post office was established on June 16, 1884 with John M. Dillard as postmaster. Prior to its creation, mail was delivered to Dillard residents through the Civil Bend post office known as the Brockway post office.

The Last Spike Driven - 1887

It was in 1884 when Dillard's regime crashed. Ashland was the terminal until Southern Pacific acquired control and built the

road over the Siskiyou Mountains to a connection with the line from California.

The final ceremony was staged at the south end of the railroad yard at Ashland on December 17, 1887. Special trains from the north and the south brought delegations of prominent people from both California and Oregon. At 5:10 PM word was flashed over the telegraph wires that Charles Crocker, president of the Southern Pacific, had driven the last spike. Regular passenger and freight service was immediately established between Portland and San Francisco.

Great rejoicing took place in all the communities and small towns all along the line. Yes, Dillard had a depot with a station operator. The clicking of the telegraph brought news to the little community every day. A large sign was visible hanging high on the north end of the depot with these words, "San Francisco 562 miles; elevation 528 feet" and on the south end the reading was, "Portland 209 miles; elevation 528 feet."

During 1926, Southern Pacific completed one of the largest railroad construction jobs in the West and the new Cascade line between Eugene and Black Butte, California, through Klamath Falls, was opened for traffic on April 17, 1927. All passenger train service was re-routed over the new road.

Today the community of Dillard is served by two nation-wide stage companies, the Continental Trailways and Pacific Greyhound.

Early-Day Saw Mill - 1888

No where has the saw mill been of such great importance as it has been in the Pacific Northwest. It is difficult to see how the Umpqua Valley could have been populated without its service. Everything dragged along slowly in any new settlement until the saw mill came. The land owners not only had cheap timber to offer for sale, but could be employed through the winter in getting logs ready for the mill instead of burning them on the ground. Sawmilling was mostly a stranger in the eighties.

E. J. Kyes, commonly known to the early-day folks as Old Dad Kyes acquired a saw mill from John Rawley east of Roseburg in the early eighties. It contained all the latest improvements in modern machinery, at least for that day and maintained the reputation of manufacturing timber of fine quality with prices every one could afford to pay. The mill cut was 15,000 board feet daily, 40 horsepower, and was operated by steam.

In the summer of 1888, Dad Kyes moved the mill from Wild Cat Creek in west Camas Valley to the W. W. Walker homestead in Kent Gulch, as the place was called in those days, three miles southwest of Dillard. The little mountain glade is presently identified as Kent Creek. The mill site was then situated where the residence of the late Eva E. Clayton now stands, a daughter of W. W. Walker.

The stumpage for the timber was from 25 to 50 cents per thousand. It might be interesting to note that the Mt. O'Bette Lumber Company took timber off this same property in1954 at $18 per thousand. The mill's products were sold mostly to local trade. Lumber was $7 per thousand. The greatest sales were for railroad ties and bridge timber for the Southern Pacific Company. The railroad was then five years old.

The wages were $1.50 per day and board. A working day was ten and twelve hours. Ora and Nora Kyes had charge of the cook house and they also served as bookkeepers for their father's firm. Young Charles Kyes was about thirteen years old when the mill was moved to Kent Gulch. The youngster was full of life and nothing he enjoyed better in his boyhood than to be around his father's saw mill when it was going full blast, and to wade in Kent Creek. He walked over a high mountain to attend classes in the old Rice Creek school with Mr. Boyd as instructor. Charles is a realtor in Roseburg today.

There were fifteen employees at the mill and in the woods. Those remembered are listed as Tom Alexander, Nat Sebring, Cratz Walker, Leonard Robbins, John Adams, Bill McBee, Harvey and John Swafford, John Connelly, Henry Macklin, Derwin Bradley, Bill Meeker, Andy Friend, Eugene Porter and Amos Williams.

In addition to that, there were several men hauling lumber by contract with teams. The lumber wagons were of wide-tire type. Four horses were hooked to each wagon and a young cowboy, H. A. Sherman of New Bedford, Mass., was one of the haulers. The logging was handled with bull teams. Hyman Huntley, 21 years old, was bull puncher.

The bulls were brought here from different parts of the country. They were chained and yoked together for hauling. The animals were kept in barns or in corrals at night, on Sundays, and on days when the weather was too bad to work, they were shod with two plates to each cloven hoof.

A group of single men slept in the company's bunkhouse. It was a small plank shack at the base of a hill. Many times wet clothes were to be seen drying on the lines over the stove. The loggers of that day had very little time after spending ten or twelve hours in the woods, played a few games of cards by a dim kerosene lamp, and retired for the night. There was no library, radio or movies. The bunkhouse was heated by an old cast-iron stove. The kind of washing machines they used in that day to wash their clothes were five-gallon kerosene cans filled with water heated on the stove. Some Sundays the boys would spend the day hunting deer, fishing, and sometimes hunting graybacks, all of which were plentiful. When the sawmill moved out in 1890, the bunkhouse was used for a school house the following year when the Kent Gulch school district was organized.

It has been recalled that after the fall rains the river and mountain streams were full of silver side salmon. Rice Creek was a better fishing stream than Kent Creek. On many occasions the mill hands went over the mountain to fish in Rice Creek. The fishing

gear consisted of an old muzzle loading rifle, a pitch fork and three or four men to carry the fish home in sacks.

Another great enterprise in the line of progress was cutting cord wood for the Southern Pacific. When the railroad was in its infancy their locomotive burned wood. The O. And C. Railroad land up Kent Gulch was the center for the project. Hundreds of cords were cut yearly and delivered to the railroad station in Dillard. The hauling with teams was handled by contract.

It has been recalled that Eugene and Steve Hixson then of Flournoy Valley took out a contract to cut 400 cords of wood for the railroad in the summer of 1897 for $1 per cord.

The Hixson boys built a small log cabin on the same ground where the modern home of Bernard Bailey now stands. Eugene and his young wife had an infant daughter, Myrtle. Railroad Gulch as it is still remembered, was the scene of much activity in the bygone days.

The boys and men who worked at the mill respected and admired Old Dad Kyes, but they knew he expected an honest day's work from them. The old gentleman was one of those rather plain men who could entertain the President or a beggar. He would have taken a hungry man to the kitchen and given him a good meal.

In this respect, Dad Kyes never spared himself. He was a medium-sized man, wore long whiskers, and he possessed tremendous energy. Everybody in the community appreciated him for his honesty and integrity. After putting in ten or twelve hours at the mill, he spent long evenings going over the accounts and taking care of other business. Dad Kyes did not feel that the day had been well spent unless he was very tired when it endod.

The Community Church - 1890

Dillard residents were not without their gospel services. The houses of worship in the 1890's were very simply built and were far from being modern as they are today.

When other more profitable crops replaced the hop industry, an old vacated hop drier that the Dillards formerly used was left standing. The people turned out and remodeled the old structure to be used for a community church. It was a two-story affair with a stairway going up from the outside.

There were no club houses, grange hall, or even a school house in those days, so naturally the people turned to the old hop drier. It served as a community center for all neighborhood activities. The room upstairs was used by the Farmers Mutual Benefit Association, a grange organization, to store their paraphenalia and other personal belongings. The bats and the mud dobbers had things pretty much to themselves in this part of the building.

Any traveling minister who happened to be passing through the country was welcome to bring the gospel message, without regard to denomination. There were Baptist ministers, Presbyterians, Methodists, Campbellites, and occasionally Latter Day Saints.

In those days, the ministers were attired in a clergyman's coat. They were generally black, but sometimes brown or a dark green would be worn. The coat came well below the knee with a split in the back. Some people called them Prince Albert coats. A minister never appeared in the pulpit without wearing the clergyman's coat.

The latchstring always hung out for the circuit riders. The people of the valley were glad to see them come. The ministers and the worship services in those days were quite a bit different from what they are today. They were all faithful in the spiritual ways of life and, as we all know, time has brought about many changes.

The Methodist Church - 1893

The members of the Methodist Church, as few as they were, felt the need of a church organization. According to the early Methodist Church records long laid away, they indicate the organization and dedication service took place in the old community hop drier building in June 1893. This was the beginning of early Methodism in Dillard.

The first presiding Methodist minister to conduct services in the old hop drier church was the Reverend W. A. Kemp and the District Superintendent was the Reverend P. L. Jones. A few of the active members of the church listed are Asa Cobb, the church's secretary; his two sons, Alfred and W. L. Cobb, and Mrs. David Lenox. It is recorded that the good character of Asa Cobb was passed on at a quarterly conference held in the Methodist Church at Ten Mile on May 23, 1896 which entitled him to become an ordained minister. The Cobbs lived on the hotel property in Dillard at that time.

The minister's circuit in those days included the following churches: Dillard, Looking Glass, French Settlement and Camas Valley. The settlements were far apart for that day. The minister would leave early the day before on horseback or in a buggy in order to bring the gospel message to the people. The church dissolved as a congregation in 1897 when the Baptist Church was established.

The move from the historic old church to the new one ends an era. Farewell day was observed in the sanctuary on Sunday, April 29, 1896. The church was filled to capacity. Many old-timers were present.

It may be interesting to recall that the first Methodist Church was dedicated in Dillard in June, 1893 and the present one in June 1920.

The old church served its purpose well. After an era of 59 years of gospel services, the doors have not been closed as yet. The congregation of the Seventh Day Adventist Church are carrying on their work there.

Baptist Church - 1897

It was indeed a glorious day when the Baptist Church was launched in 1897. The hand of the late S. C. Miller served an active part in the movement. The Reverend G. W. Miller, father of S. C. Miller, was the first minister recorded.

The new church topped with its belfrey was built by the early Baptists. John Eggers up Kent Creek supervised the construction work.

In front of the church stood a large black oak tree with fine cut leaves with a tremendous branch spread towering above the building. It is believed the tree was planted by some of the early settlers before-mentioned. This grand old shade tree, coupled with its great value, is eligible for honorable mention in the tree Hall of Fame. This picturesque setting was situated where the Dillard Laundry is now located.

In the summer of 1911 when Reverend Bludso was paster of the church, the congregation enjoyed a bounteous picnic dinner following Sunday morning services under the spreading tree. A picture was taken to commemorate the event. Dillard's famous beauty was cut down by the California Oregon Power Company when the top branches interefered with the Company's line. The base of the aged tree measured six feet in diameter.

The denomination faded out in March 1920.

Dillard School District 116, Organized 1897

The people of Dillard began to take more interest in their school than ever before. The school census had increased to such an extent that the community was eligible to create a school district of their own. For 34 years the children attended the old Brockway school. They had to cross the river in row boats to reach their classes. They taught a quarter of a term in the spring and again in the fall when the river was low. Dillard at that time was a part of the Brockway School District No. 16.

The first school in Dillard was a private one. Very little can be recalled about the school but some of the early history may be of interest to the generations today. It wasn't a church school but was founded by the Rev. John M. Dillard, an early Presbyterian minister, in 1885. The small tuition fees established went for the teacher's salary.

The school was located across the track from the present depot in the old Cummins dwelling house. It was a large plank building with a huge cottonwood tree in the yard.

The first teacher was a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Cornwall; followed by Miss Henrietta Tate, also a Presbyterian. A few of the pupils remembered are Lottie Herstine; Mollie, Bill and May Sebring; David and George Lenox and Forrest and Candace Dillard and Bill and Fred Kent. This little school was discontinued in three or four years.

Many of the people favored a division of the district, while others opposed the idea. Those living on the west side of the river claimed they would lose the tax money paid by the railroad company, while those on the Dillard side argued that in the event the rowboat capsized, the children would drown. It so happened the Boundary Board granted the change in 1897. The new district created was No. 116, with the river as the dividing line.

There was no school house in the new district. Classes assembled in the old hop drier building. Mrs. Elizabeth Leonard was employed to teach Dillard's first school. The school term taught was based on the amount of money in the school treasury for the teacher's salary. The seeds of education began to take root in Dillard's fertile soil.

When school money became available, plans got underway to build a new schoolhouse which is still standing at the lower end of Dike Road. It was a great improvement over the former one. A large bell hung in the belfry. It was a cheerful sound--the tolling of the bell over the valley.

The contractor for the project was John Eggers. In the fall of 1900, Mr. J. E. Patterson opened the first term of school in the new building. Years later, in 1913, a crowded condition required the building of an extra room for the primary grades. That was the beginning of the two-teacher system.

The doors were closed for the last time in May 1932 when the old building became delapidated. So giving way to modern progress and keeping abreast with changing times, the construction of an up-to-date schoolhouse soon got underway.

The Swinging Bridge

At the turn of the century, 1900, Dillard was still an isolated community. The population was greater than it had ever been. It consisted of a hotel, one-room schoolhouse, a merchandise store, post office, and a Baptist Church. A few farm homes dotted the valley on both sides of the river.

S. L. Dillard was the merchant and postmaster. Mrs. Dillard's parents, the Frank Sebrings, operated the hotel.

The greatest problem the settlers faced was the fact that there was no bridge over the river. It was the policy for anyone on the west side of the river who wanted to cross the river to holler and someone would go after them in a rowboat and return them.

Dillard was the nearest railroad point to outlying communities such as Brockway, Olalla, Ten Mile and Camas Valley. Many of these settlers came to Dillard to leave on the trains. When the water was low, the river was forded. A change in times did away with the rowboat system.

First Swinging Bridge - 1900

The people of the community felt the need for a new foot bridge to replace the rowboat. Plans were made to take up private subscriptions to build it. The amount gathered was $300. S. L. Dillard obtained enough cable from the Mt. Tabor Street Car Company in Portland, Oregon, for the project and the bridge was built with all labor donated. Frank Sebring was the construction foreman.

The bridge was 412 feet long and 30 feet above the water. The structure was completed and opened for foot traffic on April 15, 1900. What a glorious day in Dillard history! A new foot bridge over the river! The old rowboats were no more.

Those standing on the bridge are Frank Sebring, Mrs. S. L. Dillard and her daughter Gertrude, 3 years old, Will A. Sebring, in a photo dated 1900.

In the beginning of the winter of 1903, the river rose and out went the bridge. O. T. Carter, more commonly known as Bud, 11 years old, was staying at the home of his aunt and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Westrope. They lived across the road from the old Dave Noah place. In the forenoon, the youngster was sent to deliver some milk to Luther Milledge on the east side of the river. Milledge was the merchant at that time. When young Carter was crossing the bridge on his way home, he spied a large tree coming down the river with a huge root protruding. He began running rapidly. By the time he got safely across, the root hooked the bridge and tore it out.

Crossing the River - 1903

Here is a thrilling experience recalled by Mrs. O. H. Pickens of Roseburg about crossing the swollen river at Dillard in a rowboat. The story goes like this:

"My maiden name was Maude Howard. I was almost 22 years old when I came to Dillard from Lane County. I arrived on the passenger train at 6 o'clock in the evening. The train was the only transportation we had in those days unless you owned a horse and a buggy. We lived on the old Robe Green place. Father had John Eggers build the two-story building the year we came to Dillard, 1900. My father, James Howard, was pastor of the Dillard Baptist Church. When Herbert Wardrip of Myrtle Creek was teaching the Dillard school, he and his wife had rooms rented in our home.

"In the fall of 1902, I was employed to teach a six-months' term of school on Rice Creek. I obtained board and lodging with the John Henrys. When school was dismissed on Friday afternoons, I would spend the weekends at home and return to my classes on Monday mornings.

If my recollection is correct, I believe it was in March 1903, when I was at home over the weekend. It began raining,

accompanied with snow. Then with it came a sharp rise in the river. The swinging bridge had been taken out previously by the high water. On Monday morning I had no idea of returning to Rice Creek.

"As it happened, Abner and Alton Rice, two of my pupils, drove down after me. The boys could not cross the river. They yelled over to Luther Milledge, the merchant, and explained to them the purpose of their coming. Luther was my brother-in-law and he came and told me.

"Plans were made immediately for Bill Sebring to row me across. We went up the river above the old Dillard Hotel where we launched a rowboat on a swollen stream. We drifted with the swift current diagonally across and anchored safely on the opposite shore.

"So far as I remember I had no fear, Bill Sebring and John Eggers were the best oarsmen in the country at that time. I suppose it was lack of good judgment, for under no circumstances would I consider such a dangerous undertaking today.

"There was snow on the ground and by the time we reached the schoolhouse, the children had gone home. I returned with Abner and Alton to their place where I spent a very pleasant day. The Rice children made snowmen and shot at them with bee-bee guns. That is one incident I will always remember."

Second Foot Bridge - 1903

The community was once again without a bridge. The rowboat returned to service until another bridge was built. Plans to build were carried out the same as before.

This bridge was higher than the former one and was 520 feet long, 108 feet longer than the first bridge structure. The amount of the subscription has been forgotten. The labor was donated.

The new bridge was opened for traffic in late spring of 1903. A ferry boat was put in operation by the county at the bridge site a few years after the bridge was built to ferry wagons, passengers and stock across the river. The ferry had a high cable from opposite banks and a hand cable alongside the ferry, which the ferryman used to pull the scow across. When the water was low in the summer the river could be forded. However, the ferry would be tied up for days on account of high water. The salary for these early ferrymen was $35 or $40 per month from 6 AM to 6 PM. Before and after those hours was a ten cent charge.

A few of the early ferrymen remembered are Reverend G. W. Miller, Finn Younce, Jim Noah, Henry Paris, and Roy Green.

Ferry Boat Breaks Loose

During the many years of ferry boat and rowboat service, no serious river disasters ever occurred. A story has been related about a mishap being saved from a tragedy. It happened this way:

Many years ago, Miss Annie Kent drove a horse and a buggy to the Milledge and Pickens grocery to attend to the business of shopping. She had to be ferried across the river. Old Preacher Miller, a Baptist Minister, was the ferryman.

When she was returning home, the ferry boat broke loose in midstream in some way and started drifting down with the current with its cargo. A short distance below the ferry boat site are two channels in the river, thus forming an island. The channel on the east side of the river was made up with swift and rough rapids while the other side was to the reverse. Through the skill of preacher Miller, the ferry was launched down the west side channel. It was anchored safely in the mouth of Kent Creek.

On another occasion in 1907 Miss Kent had enjoyed Sunday morning services in the Dillard Baptist Church. While returning to her home she had to ford the river at the old Dillard crossing. She accidentally drove into the river a little below the usual fording place.

The horse and buggy plunged into a treacherous whirlpool or undercurrent. The driver, lashing and shouting at the horse, was pulled safely through. Miss Kent has said on many occasions this is identically the same place where her father, Lewis Dozier Kent, was the victim of an early-day drowning when he rode his horse into this same undercurrent on January 22, 1857.

Fourth of July Celebration - 1903

There is one date on the calendar that all patriotic Americans are sure to remember and that is the Fourth Day of July. This day is the birth of our nation, the day to remember those who struggled and fought for the great country we are today.

When we return to an old-time celebration back in the days of 1903, we find that the country folks of that day really thought of the purpose of this great hilarity, and are rejoicing because the American colonists won a coveted freedom from the mother country, old England, on July 4th, 1776. Everywhere in the nation the people celebrate by various activities. Plans were made and, of course, Dillard did likewise.

This occasion was one glorious event in the lives of the early settlers around Dillard and other adjacent communities. It was held in the shade of a dense grove of tall fir trees on the old Kent or Reding place in the shadow of Mt. O'Bette. The W. G. Gages, parents of Weldon and Gladys Gage, were living there then. There were no appointed committees in those days to carry out the plans. Everybody took an active part.

It had been the tradition for many years to hoist the Stars and Stripes on the summit of fir-tipped Mt. O'Bette. Old Glory always waved freely to the valley on that glorious day. Bill Z. Simmons and May Sebring raised the first flag on this historic

mountain on July 4, 1891. Miss Sebring carefully made the red, white and blue flag. On this day, Bill Sebring put up the flag.

A large speaker's rostrum was erected and decorated with flags and other designs appropriate for the occasion. W. G. Gage read the Declaration of Independence. Speeches were enjoyed, which were delivered by O. P. Coshow of Roseburg and George Riddle of Riddle. A group of talented musicians from Riddle entertained the celebrants with tunes of the gay nineties. The huge picnic dinner was one of the grand highlights of the occasion. The festivities lasted until early dark of the evening, for the display of fireworks was one of the features of the celebration.

On that July night a dance was scheduled in the old S. P. warehouse where Hult's lumber mill now stands. The crowd had to walk across the river on the foot bridge. Jeff Walker stood on the approach. The bridge was not very strong and he was instructed not to permit more than three or four to cross at a time.

Yes, the dance was a great pleasure. Eugene Porter of Rice Creek was the violinist. It isn't remembered who was the other or who presided at the organ. We can close our eyes and take a look back into the bygone days and see these young people dancing the square dances to the musical chant of the caller's rhythm:

"The first and third, you bow and swing
Then you lead right out to the right of the ring.
It's around that couple and take a little peek,
Now back to the center and swing your sweet,
Around that couple, peek once more,
Now back to the center, circle four.
Now break it up with a doe-say-doe
A little bit of heel and toe,
And one more change and home you go.
For a swing and a whirl."

The old-time call was contributed through the courtesy of John Northcraft, 18, of Olalla, a caller for the old-time dances.

Some of the quadrilles played at the old warehouse ball were Old Zip Coon, Turkey in the Straw, Irish Washerwoman, Fisher's Hornpipe, Arkansaw Traveler, Devil's Dream, and many others. These old tunes are seldom heard today.

At midnight the tables groaned with a bounteous supper. In those days, they had pies, sandwiches, cucumber pickles, various kinds of roasts, buns, butter and preserves. It is remembered, immediately after the lunch the lady's choice was slated. The ladies were to choose their partners.

These annual Fourth of July celebrations have changed as much as the climate has changed and the entire universe. .The programs and the social events are different. There is one thing that can be said about this gala celebration 56 years ago. All the various festivities designed to attract the many visitors did not do any

harm. A glorious time and a good place was selected for the exchange of thoughts among the neighbors and friends. Many of them are missing today, but a previous memory lingers on among the remaining participants.

The Strawberries

The rich river bottom soil of the Dillard Valley has been brought to its present production by some of the most stirring and progressive citizens of this country.

The first three gardeners to cultivate the Dillard soil date back into the good old nineties. These pioneer growers were T. P. Lee, D. C. Pitzer, and Asa Cobb. The variety of melons they grew in those days are strangers to us in these times. They were the Alabama Sweets, Thunderbolt, Georgia Rattlesnakes and Holbert's Honey. They were much larger than our present-day variety. The seed came from southern California.

The first largest melon patch to be planted in the Dillard area was produced by T. P. Lee on the Robert Phipps' farm. The patch covered the ground along the river from the Rice Creek bridge to the bridge south on Highway 99. The melons were shipped in box cars to Portland, Seattle, and to points south. Due to the high cost of labor and freight rates, there was no profit in melon production.

D. C. Pitzer lived on the old Mote place, more commonly known to us today as the R. A. Hercher place. It was there that Pitzer produced many acres of garden truck.

Asa Cobb owned the old Dave Noah place on the west side of the river. The Cobbs generally raised around eight or ten acres of melons, cantaloupes and tomatoes.

We shall take a look at the garden industry and note the great improvements and changes after the turn of the century. It was through the untiring efforts and success of Leonard S. Coon that made berries and other garden produce famous in the Dillard locality.

At this particular time, the strawberries were one of the leading fruit crops in Douglas County. The latter part of April and through May brought this luxury to the farmer's table and enabled him to market the product at a good price. The majority of the pickers were the young folks of the community who were on the job early in the morning to earn money for their own personal needs.

Coon was the first farmer to grow the red, glowing strawberries in the fertile Dillard valley. The patch consisted of eight acres and was of the Excelsior variety imported from Maryland. In addition to the strawberries, Coon grew eight acres of logan and dew berries. The latter berry was virtually an unknown crop in the vicinity at the time. When the strawberry harvest ended, the pickers busied themselves gathering the logan and dew berries.

Coon is remembered to have owned a special delivery wagon of his own design. Sam Bolsinger and John Boen made the equipment during the time Bolsinger operated the blacksmith shop at Brockway. Cost of this special type rig was said to be $125. Its size was of an ordinary Mitchell or Studebaker farm wagon and could be drawn by two horses. The front wheels were very small in circumference. A sharp turn could be made without the wheels touching the bed of the wagon. The delivery was designed to be very springy. The purpose of the springy vehicle was to insure a minimum of loss of the highly perishable fruit while traveling over the rough country roads.

Numerous loads of strawberries were delivered to Camas Valley and Myrtle Point, with many even sold to residents of smaller communities, Olalla and Ten Mile. Many consumers in the early days would buy as many as eight, ten, or even a dozen crates at one time.

Coon preferred the old Coos Bay Wagon Road through Looking Glass and Brewster Valley, Coos County, for peddling his logan and dew berries. Many large sales were made at the stage station inns along the way. He established an enormous patronage among the early settlers and the sales were profitable with the grower-to-consumer marketing. Peddlers' licenses did not exist. The start to market was with the rising sun. Slow transportation was the rule in the olden days.

Leonard S. Coon departed this life in December 1912. His widow, later Mrs. Ollie Peters, passed away in 1955. Their two sons, F. D. and Ellis Coon, are famous for their gardening ability. The Coon family enjoyed a happy, full life helping to build up the fertile Dillard community with the well-known reputation of Dillard gardens.

When G. B. Laurance and family came to Dillard in April 1903, they were also very active in garden production. They obtained a starting of strawberry plants from the Coons. Their patch covered about seven or eight acres.

On April 30, 1906, the first shipment of strawberries arrived in Portland by train from grower G. B. Laurance. These berries were packed in a single crate and were sold on the Portland market for $10.80 or 45¢ per box.

The strawberry harvest continued for about five weeks. No time was lost during this money-making opportunity. The pickers were paid 2¢ per box. When a half-dozen boxes were filled, the picker was issued a little red ticket with this inscription, "Good for 6 boxes, G. B. Laurance, Dillard, Oregon."

It has been recalled by Sherley Clayton that he gathered berries on the Laurance acreage for several days when a youngster about 12 or 13 years of age. For some forgotten reason, the tickets were not turned in for payment. The previous little souvenirs have been safekeeping for more than 40 years.

Strawberries became so famous in the Umpqua Valley that Roseburg celebrated Strawberry Festival for several years. The carnival spirit with all its gaiety reigned over Roseburg in May 1908, and the population of the county turned out in throngs to celebrate the first carnival and street fair ever held. The late Capitola Willis, a student of the Lane School, was elected queen to reign over the celebration. Lois (Cobb) Cameron, now of Eugene, of the Rose School, was the second festival queen in 1909.

Production of the strawberry crop was quite heavy in some years. G. B. Laurance tells of harvesting a full second crop in September of 1912. The proceeds of the crop took care of a hospital account in the Mercy Hospital in Roseburg.

Tomatoes, cantaloupes, and melons were found to be another profitable product grown in Dillard's rich, sandy soil. Leonard S. Coon was the first gardener to ship Dillard Produce by train to the Portland markets after 1900. Other growers followed suit, shipping always on the midnight northbound passenger train No. 16. Many times the train would be detained from 35 to 45 minutes for loading garden truck.

Here is a story that has been told many times by the old-timers in regard to loading the midnight passenger train. It happened something like this:

One particular time, many years ago, growing conditions were ideal. There was a bumper crop of melons, tomatoes, and cantaloupes. This was the greatest production year in garden history, but the date only remains a memory. The depot grounds were piled high from end to end with the precious garden truck. Every inch of available space was taken and the depot porches were full.

At midnight when the passenger train arrived, the train crew was astonished at the amount to be loaded. They appeared to be a little reluctant about loading, but the local growers declared the perishables must be on their way to market. The passenger train was detained two hours and fifteen minutes.

When the baggage cars were filled to capacity, everybody was far from being downhearted. When the toot-toot of the steam locomotive penetrated the stillness of the night, old No. 16 rolled merrily on her way at 2:15 AM.

There is more yet to the story. The southbound Shasta Limited No. 11 and No. 16 met at Green, five miles south of Roseburg. The northbound passenger was reported out on time out of Myrtle Creek. The Shasta Limited took the siding at Green per schedule, but it had no way of knowing why the passenger was delayed. There were no night operators on duty in the wayside places in those days.

Because of the delay in both train schedules, thereafter, baggage cars were placed on the spur track for loading during the days.

Freight Train Wreck - 1907

TRAINS CRASH AT SIDING, FIVE ARE KILLED. JAPANESE ROASTED IN WRECKAGE. SOUTHERN PACIFIC FREIGHT SMASHES INTO OUTFIT CARS AT DILLARD WHEN BRAKES FAIL TO RESPOND TO ENGINEER'S EFFORT. SEVEN ORIENTALS BADLY INJURED AND THREE OF THE DEAD WERE CREMATED IN THE FIERCE FLAMES. CAR FULL OF POWDER ESCAPES.

Five Japanese workmen were killed and seven badly injured in a collision between a northbound freight train of the Southern Pacific Railroad and a number of outfit cars that were standing on the siding at Dillard. This horrible railroad accident happened on a Thursday evening, a few minutes after six o'clock, September 12, 1907. The Japanese were a part of an extra gang of fifteen men under foreman C. W. Davis.

The outfit cars were shoved forward by the regular southbound freight train No. 221. Both freights were attempting to take the same siding in order to permit the passage of a southbound passenger train No. 11. One of the crew members of the southbound freight opened the switch on the south end of the railroad yards so the northbound freight could pull in on the siding.

In charge of the northbound train were conductor Roy Dixon with engineer Sharp and fireman Vinson, both in the cab. The wreckage immediately took fire consuming a third of the construction cars of the freight. The accident was caused by the air brakes of the freight train failing to work. The locomotive of the freight train was totally destroyed and the outfit cars smashed to kindling wood and scrap iron. Three of the Japanese laborers who were in the outfit train were literally roasted alive despite the strenuous efforts of the train crews and the uninjured Japanese workmen to rescue them. Seven others were rescued but two of these did not survive. One died as he was placed on the platform of a car at Dillard, and the other as he was put on the operating table at the emergency hospital after being brought to Roseburg. The five remaining Japanese were not seriously hurt. One had a broken rib.

The wrecking train was dispatched to Dillard from Roseburg with all possible haste, and the track was cleared in a few hours' time. Dr. A. C. Seeley and Dr. Shearer and nurses went out on the wrecker and gave the injured men all possible attention.

The Japanese were eating their suppers when the freight train came into the yards and it appeared to have slackened speed. Nobody expected a disaster until it was seen that the big locomotive

continued to approach the outfit cars with dangerous rapidity, and the next moment it crashed into them. The cars were completely wrecked, together with the refrigerator car nearby. The wreckage immediately caught fire from a kerosene lamp being upset in one of the outfit cars. So quickly did the flame spread that it was impossible to move the freight locomotive from the wreckage, and it was burned. The fire which consumed the wreckage spread to an adjacent field and burned over quite an area. Conductor Dixon and others of the crew were uninjured. Engineer Sharp and Fireman Vinson were slightly injured when they jumped after closing the oil tank on the tender, thereby preventing an explosion that might have made the catastrophe even worse.

The escaping steam from the large locomotive could be heard all through the evening and into the night. The terrible sound penetrated for miles around and could be heard by people living up Rice Creek. Families residing near the catastrophe were evacuated to the home of G. B. Laurance in North Dillard.

The big freight locomotive was number 2543 and one of the Pacific compound type recently received by the Company from the Baldwin Locomotive Works. It had been detached from another northbound freight train which was waiting at Dole, a few miles south of the wreck scene. Main-line traffic was delayed by the wreck for about 30 minutes.

The claim of Engineer Sharp of the freight train was that the brakes refused to work properly and his explanation was accepted by railroad officials, but an investigation was made to determine, if possible, the reasons for the alleged defect in the engine. It was regarded as incredible that the mechanism of the engine was ineffective and yet impossible that the engineer could not have brought his train to a stop had he been able to do so.

Station Agent Manley of Myrtle Creek heard of the accident and rode a track rider to Dole where he found a locomotive which he ordered to Dillard. With this engine the freight train was hauled from the burning pile and much property saved. A carload of sugar on the freight was wrecked and scattered all around. Two cars back from the burning mass was a car full of black powder, which if it had caught fire and exploded, would have blown everything to pieces within a radius of 200 yards.

The Mountain Road - 1912

There were many Douglas County communities in the early days noted for their isolation and Dillard with all her wealth of fertile soil was in this category. There was no connection with the outside world after the rains began in the fall until the river got low enough for fording in May or June of the following year. During this period the passenger train was the only outlet.

There was a sort of a sled road that zigzagged its way down through the Dillard bottom and crossed the river where the concrete highway bridge spans the river north of Dillard. This was known

by the settlers of that day as the Thompson ford. The other fording place was at Dillard. The ferry boat was not in operation when the river could be forded or it was not in use when the current was too swift for crossing.

This type of travel over a rutty wagon road with the crudest and poorest kind was not satisfactory. The problem of a good road that could be travelled at all times of the year became a supreme local problem. It would be of great benefit to the community it served. The materials and methods most suitable for use in the proposed construction were available.

In accordance with a public call, a small group of taxpayers of the road district met in the old Dillard store in the fall of 1911 to discuss the problem of building a new road. F. G. Buell was the merchant at that time. The late M. L. Norris presided at the chair. S. C. Miller, now deceased, introduced an idea. It was agreed to request the County Court by petition to construct a county road beginning at the Southern Pacific depot and following along the mountain side above the railroad track. The new project would join the former Oregon-California Stage Line at the base of Roberts Mountain just above the old Mountain House stage station. This scenic mountainous route was granted.

Early in the year of 1912, construction got under way. The late G. T. Royer of Rice Creek was the road supervisor. Modern machinery did not exist and road building was done the hard way. Men with teams and single hand workers made up the road crew. A large part of clearing the right-of-way was done by hand. Second-growth fir trees, logs, snags and stumps had to be removed. Powder was used to blast out the large stumps. Teams with block and tackle were used to pull out the large roots and to remove the small stumps. All trash and rubbish had to be burned. The road construction gang was cautioned that all debris must be kept off the railroad below. The grading on this section was handled with teams using freznoes and wheelers to move the material. The three-mile stretch of road through a hilly country was completed and opened for transportation in mid-summer of 1912. It took about 2½ hours to drive to Roseburg from Dillard, approximately twelve miles--a long-looked-for vision at last come true.

Old-timers look back to when this road was only a winding trail and the only outlet for Dillard community any time of the year. The tall fir trees that once looked down upon many weary travelers of the bygone days have been cut down to feed the electric sawmills of the valley. The mountain road that helped to make Dillard history discontinued its service in 1920 when Pacific Highway 99 was constructed.

The Wagon Bridge - 1913

With the increase of population in a community, new ideas in the way of progress are always the question. This is what happened in 1912. A movement was started by a group of progressive farmers and neighbors to have a large bridge built over the river to replace the old foot bridge which had been in service since 1903.

The new project would give the community an outlet to adjacent communities on the west side of the river and to coastal points. Petitions were circulated and signed, then presented to the county requesting that the bridge be built. Late in the spring of 1913, the Coast Bridge Company of Portland, Oregon, started work on the new bridge. The cost was $19,736. Dick Meese was the bridge contractor.

There was a large sign hanging high on each end of the structure with these words:

" Fine of $25.00 for riding or driving over this bridge faster than a walk. Motor-driven vehicles 8 miles per hour."

In the afternoon of December 20, 1913, the bridge was opened to vehicle traffic. Edgar Walker, now deceased, was the first person to drive a wagon and team over the new bridge. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. James, then recent arrivals from Marion, Kentucky, were proprietors of the old Dillard Hotel. Ethel Kent, later Mrs. Dee McKay, was employed to assist with the work. During the harvest season, the thrashers, railroad men, and travelers dined at the hotel. It was reported during the summer of 1913, the hotel served as many as 51 patrons at a meal.

The bridge was a wonderful improvement to the entire country which followed the opening of the old Mountain Road in 1912. The people were awakened to the importance of an outlet at any season of the year. They really believed that nothing could be better.

Pacific Highway 99 - 1919

A law creating a State Highway Commission was passed in Salem by the State Legislature in 1913. It was a very satisfactory piece of legislation. Since the law was made, the Highway Department has been in operation for a year and a half and a good start has been made toward inaugurating a new era in paved highways.

A system of highways was adopted and a start in a small way made toward the building of this system. The rate at which these highways would be built and become of use to the public was then a question of how fast the money was made available for that purpose.

The Pacific Highway 99 would be known as one of the most traveled thoroughfares in the State when it was completed. It would be constructed along the most modern lines from Portland to the Oregon-California line, a distance of 331 miles. It would traverse the Willamette, Umpqua and the Rogue River Valleys.

When it was accurately reported that surveyors were invading this section of the country in 1918, great rejoicing came from the good news being flashed that the miracle boulevard would come through the rich agricultural land in the Dillard community adapted to raising grain, fruit, and the famous Dillard gardens.

Early in 1919 work was started on the Pacific Highway through

the Dillard section. A large group of people moved into the community seeking employment. Dwelling houses were at a premium. Families lived in tents along the river where water was plentiful. The two-room schoolhouse was crowded. Much had to be done to launch the huge project.

An interesting feature of the highway was the cookhouse operated by the Highway Department. It was erected on the M. L. Norris property where the former S. E. Tallman store and service station now stands. The cook house furnished accomodations to the highway workers. About 100 men ate their meals in the cook shack at 25¢ per meal. Several cooks were employed at different times during the season. Those remembered were Harry Moyle, Levi White, and Charles Reece. Their salary was $27.50 per week. Standford Buell served as dishwasher for a while at $75 per month. Common labor on the highway was 35¢ per hour.

The farmers in the area sold products from their gardens, flocks and herds to the cookhouse.

A hot plant stood across the highway from the Dillard Steak House's present location. The crushed rock and hot tar were hauled by Velie trucks and emptied on the highway's foundation where it was spread. The plant operated on two working shifts. It was in good working condition and repair work was done after working hours whenever possible.

There were no labor disputes and a very few minor accidents were reported.

The highway was opened for traffic in 1920. When we now ride over these modern paved roads, we cannot keep back the memories of hardships suffered both by man and beast in the days of mud and dust.

Old Baptist Church Sold to the Methodist, 1920

The Methodist Church completed purchase of the old Baptist Church building in March 1920. The cost of the building was $1500; the lot where it was to be moved cost $200, and the F. G. Buells donated the ground adjacent to the lot for the Parsonage. It had been used by the Baptist congregation since 1897. The change was expected when the members became too few to maintain it. Prior to the sale, the Methodists had been holding services in the old Brockway school house for many years.

The farewell service in the old Baptist church was conducted by the regular pastor, Rev. Mosher of Riddle, on Sunday evening, March 21, 1920. Rev. Mosher filled the Riddle pulpit also.

The Methodist congregation took over its new sanctuary for the first time the following Sunday with Rev. R. S. Bishop. Myrtle Hercher, now Mrs. Myrtle Burr of Roseburg, presided at the organ.

A few days after the sale was closed the church had to be moved a short distance. Several men placed large timbers under

the building and with hand winches hauled it across the pasture and up the road to a new location at the end of the steel bridge; Church Street now. Those assisting with the moving were Luther Royer, Harry Davis, John Campbell, Lawrence Hercher, J. K. Lewis, S. A. Roser and R. A. Hercher. The latter three are deceased. Before the church was ready for occupancy the second services of the Methodists were conducted in the old Dillard school house.

According to church records, the church was organized on April 5, 1920 by Rev. R. S. Bishop. Service dedication was slated for Sunday, June 6. Following this service a bounteous pot-luck dinner was served by the ladies of the church in Dillard's first store building a few steps north of the church.

The 1927 Flood

The rampaging South Umpqua River began to look dangerous on Sunday night, February 27, 1927, when the raging waters began splashing over its banks at dark. The farmers in the lowlands feared the farm land in the valley would be under water before the swollen stream began to recede.

The men folks of the community spent most of Sunday night sandbagging the dike. The dike at that time was two feet lower than it is now. The road followed along its base. Shortly after noon, the river was going over the top. On the south end, where the Dillard schoolhouse No. 1 now stands, a portion of the dike was washed out. Nearly all the river bottom land was flooded, caused by the breaking of the diking system.

There were not many people living in the locality at the time, only a few scattered farm homes. They were heavily damaged. The greatest damage and destruction suffered in the 1927 flood came to the broccoli growers. Many acres of the precious crop grew where Ford's Addition is now located. The muddy waters ruined the broccoli heads and the entire acreage was a total loss. Some poultry were washed away, but no loss of human life or livestock was reported.

The California-Oregon Power Co. Line - 1927

The California-Oregon Power Company Line project was approved in April 1927 for service to the main part of Dillard. The work actually was completed in May. The Methodist Church was the first building in the community to be wired. This was the beginning of modern conveniences in the homes.

Listed among the many interesting changes that go to make up much of Dillard's history is the evolution of home lighting. The homes of early days were lighted by tallow candles, then came the kerosene lamps, next a carbide home system, then a home-made electric plant, and last, commercial electricity.

Dillard's New School House - 1932

The Dillard School Board members scheduled a date for the

annual school meeting to be held in the old Dillard school building on Monday afternoon, June 20, 1932. One of the main topics of the occasion was that the voters were slated to ballot on a measure to build a two-room schoolhouse. The other was the election of a director to serve a term of two years.

Ellington Rockwell was chosen as director. Incidentally, he was the first school trustee elected who lived on the west side of the river. The Rockwells lived on the Reding place.

The building of a new school building was approved. The site selected was the south end of Dike Road or where the late S. C. Miller's large stock barn once stood. The barn was skidded to a site near the former home of Eva S. Rice. An aged black oak tree that stood on the grounds had to be cut down to insure safety. Plans soon got underway to construct the new educational unit. It was to be of modern design. A heating and water system, rest rooms, and electric lights were installed.

The following September, 1932, classes convened in the new school. Joe Roner was the principal and Miss Ruth Rodley of Looking Glass taught the lower grades.

Owing to the expanded growth of school population the last few years, several rooms have been added to the structure.

The oak tree had to be removed because of decay. The site at one time was a barnyard. Where stock mill around, trees soon decay. The late S. C. Miller owned the property at that time.

The Flood - 1950

AIRPLANE TAKES SUPPLIES TO 85 MAROONED BY FLOOD.

RAMPAGING RIVER CUTS RAIL LINE.

October is one of the most beautiful months in the Dillard Valley. The days are like a dream, bright and picturesque as the rainbow. The same clouds and the same sunshine may be with us on the morrow, but the rainbow in the sky will vanish. The afternoons are warm and sunny.

Farmers without coats are busy in their fields gathering in their harvest for the winter. The chickens are in the grass, hunting bugs and insects. Yellow butterflies flutter about in the October sunshine, singly, by pairs, or more and are wafted on the gentle gales.

Then Jack Frost comes along in the night. He lights upon every leaf, freezes out its last drop of life, and leaves them on the vines, pale, withered and dying.

The South Umpqua River was at its lowest. It was Tuesday afternoon, October 24th, a great change in October's weather was indicated. Warmer days were in prospect for the valley. It began

to rain. The rain poured hard and steady. No let-up was in sight. The river was flowing inches from the top of its bank by Saturday night. No danger was expected. The people of the community were not alarmed. The old-timers argued the Umpqua never floods in October. That proclamation proved to be incorrect.

Dillard apparently took the brunt of the flooding when the rain-laden river swelled over its banks early Sunday morning, October 29, 1950. Many families fled from their homes when the alarm was first given. Many were sleeping late that October morning and were not aware of the disastrous flooding conditions. All avenues of escape were closed when the flood waters of the river backed over the highway north and south of town. On the west side, the river and the raging Kent Creek covered the lowland. The Dillard-Brockway cut-off highway was under water between the river and the Reding place.

There were about 85 men, women and children marooned by the flood. Between the railroad and the hills on the west side of the valley was a body of water. The flood refugees were removed to safety in a couple of motor boats. One of the boats was launched by Harry Davis and Merritt Burt, the other by Walter Middlestadt and Edward Borraha. They went from house to house to make sure that every one in danger had a chance to get out.

This large group of flood victims was cared for in the homes of O. D. McAllister, Tom Krewson and Mrs. Monia Hult on the hill above the railroad track. The eldest person in the community to experience the 1950 flood was the 80-year-old Mrs. Mary Stoner, now deceased. The youngest survivor was Derek Burt, 6 weeks old, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Burt.

Food for the emergency was obtained through the Dillard store while the Douglas County Red Cross arranged an airplane drop of 50 blankets and several dozen loaves of bread on the private airport. Those who were rescued in the boats brought food with them. The supply of food was no serious problem.

Sighs of relief were heaved when the heavy rains ceased late that Sunday afternoon October 30, 1950. The following morning the rampaging waters of the South Umpqua rolled back into its banks. Everybody returned to their soggy homes where the cleanup job was scheduled. The receding flood water left the entire valley a quagmire. This was the greatest flood since December in 1861.

December Floods - 1955

DILLARD CLEANS UP AFTER TWO BIG FLOODS. STORM LEAVES HEAVY DAMAGE

There are many ways in which we have done many kind deeds. Christmas is one of those times. We always celebrate Christmas when it comes at the end of every year. The joy and happiness it brings--a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant occasion. It is the only time in the long calendar year when men and women seem to open up their hearts freely.

Housewives were busy shopping, getting prepared the bounteous Christmas dinner, with turkey and all its trimmings and many other good things. Children were enjoying decorating the tree. The arrival of guests was expected to help celebrate the Christmas holidays. We'll see what happened to many of the plans.

The weather forecasters reported a vigorous storm on its way north from the coast of Northern California. The fierce storm moved into the Umpqua Valley with strong winds. Gale-driven rains continued to beat down, feeding the gorged South Umpqua River. On Wednesday night, the 21st day of December, 1955, the river was almost lapping over its banks. Many families had left their homes earlier in the evening. A report was flashed over the radio that night about 9:00 o'clock that the river would crest at 10 o'clock, an hour later. Many people retired for the night.

The following morning at 3 o'clock knocks were heard on the doors. The report was "that old man river is moving in". Everybody was ordered to evacuate before the highway was blocked. The lights were out.

The picture was not so bleak as it was in 1950. The people were more alert than they had been five years previously. No one was marooned. The river crested at noon the following day, Thursday. This was fourteen hours later than the radio report. Cooler air began moving in accompanied by showers. The day before Christmas flooded-out victims began returning to their muddy homes. Clean up, mopping, and drying out operations soon got under way. Holiday guests were detained and stranded until after Christmas as the highway was blocked by the raging high waters and slides.

Early Christmas morning, the storm invaded the valley the second time. It rained hard and steady on the holiday and through the night. The swollen Umpqua was rising rapidly by the hour. A flood emergency was declared and before the holiday of 1955 came to a close, the Dillard community was evacuated once again in a matter of hours.

The two Christmas floods of 1955 were not so high as the one in 1950, but the property damage was much greater. In the Dillard locality the cost of cleaning up wreckage and debris was estimated at $2500. The cost of saving life and property was $3,000. The electric power and telephone lines were in a terrible mess the last two days of the old year of 1955, after shaking off several inches of snow that fell the day before. The eletric lights went out on Friday night at 8:00 o'clock and were not restored until Sunday night, January 1, 1956. The old kerosene lamps returned to service during this critical period after having been laid away for many, many years.

The New Methodist Church - 1956

The new Dillard-Winston Methodist Church was completed in April 1956 and rests peacefully in the north part of Dillard, the community and valley it serves. The church's rapid growth from a handful of members a few years ago has been accompanied by a

sizable building program. Of contemporary design, the new church is covered with gray shingles and generously windowed to make use of available light. A complete kitchen, accomodating community meetings and social gatherings was installed. The old bell which has been heard for many years hangs in the belfry. The church's ground and parking area cover 1½ acres. The Rev. R. A. Feenstra is pastor of the growing church. Walter Petersen of Roseburg was the architect and construction foreman.

The building crusade started in the fall of 1955. Fund-raising efforts toward this goal included suppers and rummage sales. In spite of these money raising projects, most of the savings came from individual pledges.

The church opened its doors on Sunday morning May 6, 1956. The Rev. Meredith A. Groves of the Eugene District of the Oregon Conference of the Methodist Church brought the first message, "Pioneers Today".

Since the sanctuary was not completed for use until two weeks later, new furniture and floor covers were yet needed. Church consisted of sanctuary, huge social room, chapel room with fireplace, four large Sunday School classrooms, double oil furnace room, storeroom, rest rooms, and combined choir room and pastor's study. Ten or twelve Sunday School classes could be accomodated in rooms, complete with folding doors.

Official figure for final cost will be around $48,000 for construction and $5,000 more at least for furnishings. In addition to that, the grounds are to be landscaped when walks, streets, and parking lots are graveled.

Today's congregation in the Methodist Church includes 210 confirmed members with a Sunday School enrollment of 160. Seating capacity in the sanctuary is about 250.

The Farewell Service - 1956

A farewell service was observed in the old Dillard Methodist Church on Sunday April 29, 1956. Lawrence Hercher read an interesting history of the staunch old building which has been resting comfortably on the bank of the South Umpqua River for the past 37 years.

For its last service the sanctuary was filled to capacity. Among those present was one of the oldest living members, Mrs. R.A. Hercher of Roseburg, who joined in 1908 when the Methodists met in the old Brockway school house. Also on hand was Mrs. S. A. Roser of Roseburg. Mrs. Roser has been a life-long member of the Baptist, but was quite active in Methodist work during the many years spent in this area. Two other old-time members were Mr. G. B. Laurance of Roberts Creek and Mrs. Mercy Buell of Dillard. The women received corsages and G. B. Laurance received a boutonniere. The elderly people were honored at the morning service. A pot-luck dinner was served at noon.

The old church has served its purpose well. After an era of 60 years of gospel services, the doors have not yet been closed (1897-1957.) The congregation of the Seventh Day Adventist Church are carrying on their work in the aged building. Dr. Ralph Pearson, M. D., of Roseburg brought the first message on Saturday morning, January 15, 1955.

Dillard Today - 1956 - Conclusion

Boom towns and communities are not what they were in the days of mining camps and the settling of the west. Saloons, gambling houses and flimsy dance halls filled with tobacco smoke, sweat and whiskey are conspicuous by their absence. The emphasis today is on modern homes, schools, hospitals, water and sewage systems, and other community necessities.

Several years ago, Dillard was more of a ghost community. Today it is a booming area of sawmills and is bursting at the seams of its lumber industry. Dillard at one time was regarded as the promised land because of its gardening and blossoming orchards. The days when fields of golden grain were waving in the valley and fruit trees bloomed are gone and are now replaced by many modern homes and industries. The growth of the community has been indexed by a series of two industrial chapters. The old-timers recall the first chapter was induced by the coming of the Oregon and California Railroad in the early 80's with its attendant influx of construction workers.

When the railroad was surveyed from Roseburg to Ashland in 1880, Rev. John M. Dillard donated the right-of-way through his claim. The railroad officials praised this generous act and obligingly named the place "Dillard". They established a railroad station and Dillard immediately became known as a great shipping point in the county.

With the passing of the railroad and its large gang of employees, Dillard settled down to a peaceable but gradual growth, supported by agriculture. This was a great hope for the future. The hope was justified, but was accomplished the hard and slow way of those times. This was the No. 1 industrial chapter that continued for nearly 65 years.

In 1945 the last big boom manifested itself with the sawmilling industry. The advent of this prosperity is the greatest in industrial history, far beyond the imaginations of the most hopeful advocates of this age, occurred shortly after the conclusion of the second World War. The whole valley was shaken to its foundations as if stricken by an earthquake. This was responsible for industrial chapter No. 2.

Sawmills, plywood plants and many other industries soon sprang up all over the landscape. Hundreds of men, women and familes from all corners of the nation arrived to work in the various enterprises.

Dillard had the usual headaches like other growing communities caused by the blossoming industries and expanding population, but did exceedingly well in the mastering and solving of her problems. A tremendous housing shortage had to be overcome. New homes were constructed, designed with electric power, dial telephones, water, and other modern facilities to essential to everyday living. Real estate was at its peak. Building sites were sold. Ford Addition was plotted and streets were laid out. The interior of the stores has been modernized. The merchants are all smiles for their shelves are filled with merchandise.

City water was supplied to the locality in July 1951 by the agency of the Winston-Dillard Water District. Figures have been revealed indicating that the cost of the water system is estimated to be $150,000.

There are listed in the Dillard community service and retail establishments, many industries, churches and schools. The listings are: 2 merchandise stores, laundry, 2 garages, 2 nurseries, barber shop, hamburger handout, steak house and tavern combination, furniture store, post office, 6 sawmills, 3 plywood plants, 2 service stations, 2 elementary schools, and 3 churches--Church of God, Methodist and the Seventh Day Adventist. The community is served by the Winston-Dillard Fire Department.

Dillard is supported today by the lumber industry while a few years ago its economy was dominated by agriculture. There have been many changes during the last decade of its growth. The community has, and always has had, a personality. There are many other nice localities in which to live, but we are thoroughly satisfied to be what we are. It is not only a prosperous little community, but is an exceedingly pleasant place in which to reside.

STORY OF THE RICES

by

Sherley Clayton
Dillard, Oregon
April 11, 1957

THE STORY OF THE RICES

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STORY OF THE RICES
by Sherley Clayton
Dillard, Ore.
April 11, 1957

The Puritans and Their Ideas

THE RICES OF ENGLAND WERE PURITANS. STUART KINGS DISREGARD RIGHTS OF ENGLISH PEOPLE. THEY WERE WICKED RULERS. ONE OF THEM LOSES HIS LIFE. KING AND PURITANS HAVE TROUBLE. ONE THOUSAND EMIGRANTS SAIL FOR AMERICA IN 1630. START NEW LIFE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

One of the most successful stories of all times begins in the early 1600's. Sometime during the reign of James I of England, more than 300 years ago, there lived a group of people by the name of Rice. The Rices were plain, unpretending farming folks, the same as now, but were men and women of strong will and noble purpose. When religious discord arose in England, most of the Rices, being Puritans, denounced such tyranny. They were determined to leave such an influence and naturally their eyes were focused on the New World.

We wonder how the name of Rice got started. Before it came into existence many centuries ago, the name was known as Rhyes. All Rices are descendants of the Rhyes. This is an English word meaning eagerness, zeal, or group of people taking an outstanding interest.

Unless we know something of English history from 1603 to 1689, we cannot understand why the Puritans left their homes in England and came to America. During that period, with the exception of eleven years--1649-1660--the Stuart kings ruled England. The Stuarts were the English aristocratic family. These men were unjust, wicked rulers and aroused the opposition of the best people in the country. When James I ascended the throne, he seemed to think that all of England and her people were his personal property. He declared that he ruled by divine right--that his authority was law and the people had no rights which he was bound to respect. Accordingly, a struggle began between the king and the people, represented by Parliament. The great majority was opposed to a one-man rule.

Who are the Puritans, their origin and ideas? What did they want and why did they come to America? What did they do after they came here? The story will tell.

It was during the reign of James I, the first of the Stuart rulers, that the trouble with the Puritans began, 1603-1625. The change from the Catholic to the Protestant faith was very gradual in England. Some Englishmen remained Catholic, others changed slowly and became members of the Church of England or the Episcopal, while still others changed their ideas more rapidly and became Puritans. The king was determined that everyone should obey the rulings of the Church of England, but there were

many people who did not like its forms and ceremonies and wished to modify them.

The Puritans were a group of people who insisted on purifying the church by getting rid of some of its ceremonies. They objected to the sign of the cross, paying taxes for the church's support. They would not use titles in addressing any man, not even the king. They were opposed to the minister's wearing an outer robe and using the ring in marriage. This brought about bitter persecution among the Partisans.

At first, most of the Puritans did not want to form a church of their own, but in the time of Elizabeth I, and later under James I, some of them felt forced to leave the Church of England and worship in private places. They were a simple folk, very religious and rather democratic, and wanted no great head to the church like the king. The government of England, following the custom of that time, punished them severely for such opinions. The officers broke up their services, imprisoned their leaders and even hanged some of them. They had to obey the orders of the king. Freedom of worship was not tolerated in England.

Encouraged by the success of the Pilgrims in 1620, many Puritans followed their example. In 1628, some of the Puritan leaders, men of wealth and influence, formed a trading company. They bought from the Plymouth Company a large tract of land laying along the Massachusetts coast. Strangely enough, in 1629 they received a liberal charter from Charles I, by which they could do about as they pleased in their colony except that no laws were to be made that were contrary to the laws of England. Very likely the old king was very happy to get rid of these liberty-loving subjects. At any rate, he granted them a charter which was very liberal in its terms.

Accordingly, in 1629 when the king was ruling with a high hand, levying high taxes himself and throwing people in prison who refused to pay them. These Puritans decided upon a bold step of removing in a body to New England where they would find a refuge from the persecution of the king and could build a government according to their own ideas.

In 1630 was the large Puritan immigration to America. Under the leadership of sturdy John Winthrop, they sailed away with a fleet of ocean vessels for Massachusetts, carrying more than a thousand immigrants; also horses, cattle, hogs and stores of various kinds. They parted sorrowfully from England, their native land. As her hills were fading from view, one of the Puritans said, "We cannot part from our native country without much sadness of heart and many tears in our eyes."

After a long voyage on the Atlantic Ocean that lasted for five or six months, the shores of New England came into view. The fleet made its final landing in Massachusetts Bay. After examining the coast, they selected the location as their home, known as the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

The Puritans were now free to plan a new government and a new church, both in a new world where they were permitted to live and worship as they pleased. They named their settlement Boston to remind them of Boston in England. About 20,000 immigrants sailed for the New World in the next ten years where they settled in various parts of New England.

The Rev. Jonathan Rice, a Baptist minister, came with the immigration of 1630. The clergyman played an active part in helping to establish a democratic system of government in the colony. Edmund Rice, the last of the Rices in England, sailed for Massachusetts in 1638.

There is a little more yet to the story. Charles I proved to be more autocratic than James I had been. He turned out to be so wicked and arbitrary that he plunged the country into a bloody war which ended in the loss of his crown. The cruel career of the king came to a fatal end when he was put to death in 1649.

The Rices in New England

Early history of the Rices in Massachusetts and other New England states is found in the National Encyclopedia of American biographies. The New England Genealogical Historical Society of Boston has released the information that there are seven large historical volumes on the Rices in their library. In every biography of the early Rice family they are said to be descendants of the Puritans.

A tiny acorn began to take root in the new soil of the Bay Colony along the coast of Massachusetts in 1630. Finally a small tree began to sprout. The tree grew and grew until it was blessed with hundreds of branches and twigs. From that day on the acorns have been scattered all over the country.

The story begins with Joseph and Mary Rice. It has not been revealed when and where they were born in Massachusetts but we shall set the birth dates in the late 1730's or early 1740's. When they were married and who Mary was before their marriage is not known. The couple was among the first early settlers in Franklin County, Mass. Their six children were born at Conway, Franklin County, Mass. They are: Alvin, born Sept. 20, 1772; Bill, June 25, 1778; Joseph, Sept. 5, 1780; John, May 25, 1782; Marv, Feb. 15, 1784; Luther, Dec. 29, 1785. John Rice was the son of Joseph and Mary, early day settlers of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Young John was one of a large family of children who was born in Conway, Franklin County, Massachusetts, on May 25, 1782. The Rices around Dillard are in direct line of Joseph and Mary Rice.

John Rice, 27 years old, of Conway, and Roxana Wait, age 30, of Whately, filed an application for marriage license in Greenfield, Massachusetts, the county seat of Franklin County. They were united in holy matrimony according to the ordinance of God and the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts on July 23, 1809. The ...

bride was born on April 16, 1789 in Whately, Mass. The young couple settled down on a small farm near Conway to a simple way of life, but a pleasant one. Their knowledge of farming was acquired from the pilgrims who came on the Mayflower in 1620 and with this knowledge came a true love for New England's green acres. The laws were few and there were hardly any taxes to pay. Very few people were wealthy, if any, and nobody was in trouble. The world's happiest people were from the green valleys of old New England.

We can close our eyes and form a mental picture of the Rice's farm home. The winters in their new-found land were long and cold with much snow and ice. The people were compelled to build tight houses of roughly-dressed logs to keep warm. The only way of heating in the New England home was the great fireplace which occupied a part of one side of the room. There were very few cook stoves in that day. If the family didn't have a stove, the lean-to kitchen had a fireplace where cooking was done.

The home furnishings were made from the forest with hand axe and saw. Stools and benches served as chairs. The spinning wheel and the looms took up one corner of the room while the darning needle was seen sticking in the log wall. Near the fireplace were the dye pots full of colored dyes, which the housewife used to color the clothing she was making.

There were no carpets nor linoleums to cover the bare floors, only here and there a few home-made mats. For lighting there was neither gas, electricity or kerosene lamps, but only tallow candles. When these were needed, the light from the fireplace drove out the darkness.

The Rices raised a family of eight children, all born in Conway as followw: Luther, born Feb. 11, 1810; Minerva, Dec. 8, 1812; Elihu Wait, Jan. 6, 1814; Harrison, Aug. 16, 1816; Harvey Adams, April 12, 1819; John, Apr. 2, 1822; Austin, Aug. 10, 1825; and Roxana, Sep. 11, 1828.

After living on their small farm for 29 years, the hills of New England grew tired. New land must be found. How? They knew: they decided to leave the safe Eastern nest and blaze a new trail.

When they disposed of their New England farm home in 1838, the family migrated to Granville, Putnam County, in North Central Illinois. They travelled in wagons over narrow twisting roads, which took them across southern New York, through Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. The journey to the Illinois land would now require a couple of days, but the Rices in 1838 spent several months on the trail.

Here they settled on a farm in an Illinois Valley. The father, John Rice, passed away. The Rice children settled down in married life where many of the Rice descendants are living today. Two of the sons ventured out west in 1853.

Harrison Rice, the fourth child of the John Rices, was united

in marriage to Martha Ann Willis. To this union were born one son and four daughters, all born in Granville, Illinois. After living in Illinois for many years and raising a family, they were inspired by the glamorous stories told by travelers who had returned from the western frontier. Many glowing accounts of the beauty of the country were reported; the fertility of the valleys, the mildness of the climate, and the wonderful mountains and forests, all made a beautiful picture.

A married couple was entitled to a half-section of land to be chosen by themselves where the footsteps of the white man had seldom trod. Stories of panning out gold in the clear running streams were exciting and aroused their imaginations. They were looking toward the West.

Looking toward the West - 1853

The foregoing information in the following article in regard to the Willises and Rices completing a wagon trip across the plains from Granville, Putnam County, Illinois, to Southern Oregon in 1853. The legend, as written here, was taken from a letter written in 1927 by Mrs. Della Rice Crawford of Diagonal, Iowa, to her youngest sister, Eva S. Rice, then of Dillard.

During the fall and winter of 1852 there was much planning and great interest shown about crossing the plains to the Oregon country. The men, women and even children were looking toward the far-away west, for a place where they could build their homes and be assured of a prosperous future. Many difficult problems had to be worked out. The farm and personal property must be offered for sale at a price the purchaser could afford to pay. The prospective buyers were few and money was not plentiful. The canvas-covered wagons or prairie schooners, as they were often called, must be very strong and the best teams of horses and oxen must be selected to endure such a hard journey. The well-worn trails followed by other bold pioneers were really rude, rough roads made by the wagons. Young cows, heifers and other choice stock must be taken along. Supplies of food, clothing and household equipment must be packed with care in the wagons to be hauled to the land of promise. Many things could not be taken because space was not available. Firearms, ammunition, garden seeds and cans of axle grease were not forgotten.

The Rice youngsters carefully packed a sufficient quantity of walnuts to be taken to Oregon, which grew on their own trees. They were thinking in terms of their mother's home-style medium-dark-colored cake, with fragrant spices, topped with rich walnuts. What a wonderful treat this would be at Christmas-time! They also realized when the walnuts took root in the west's fertile soil some day the walnut trees would help decorate the western landscape in their new home. Everything was in order for the overland trek.

Steven D. Willis and his two sons, Bill, 27, and Parrish, 14, Aaron Purdy and Zearah McClung left Granville in a wagon with four yoke of oxen for the West on March 29, 1852. The group arrived at

Foster in Clackamas County, Oregon, exactly five months later. The elder Willis settled on a land claim five miles northwest of Corvallis the following autumn. In those days the place was known as Marysville. The two Willis boys returned to Illinois late in the fall of 1852. It is needless to say they were the center of interest around Grandville that winter with their glowing accounts of the western spaces. The Willamette Valley was then planned to be the end of the travelers' trail.

In the Willis outfit were the three boys and two girls, Albert, Sarah Elizabeth, age 16, Parrish, Helen and Owen. The latter was more commonly known as Stump.

Among the Rices were Harrison and Martha Ann Rice and their five children, Sylvester W., 10 years old; Della A. 8; Anna M.,Alice C., and Agnes M. Aggie, as she was called, was the youngest. She was a year old on the plains. Martha Ann Rice is a daughter of Steven D. and Nancy A. Willis, the former Nancy A. Ross. Then there was Austin, a brother to Harrison, and their mother, Roxanna Rice.

Not all of the company travelled the arduous overland route. The faster and safer way was by the water. When gold was discovered in California in 1848, the demand for speed led American ship builders to design the fastest clipper ships that ever sailed. There were twelve in the group that left for New York City on Jan. 20, 1853, where they sailed to the Isthmus of Panama. It is believed they took the train to New York as there were a few railroads in the country in those days. They crossed the Isthmus by railroad and a mule train. While in Panama City, the travelers were detained ten days awaiting passage on the passenger steamer, "California," to San Francisco. From that city, they were transferred to another seagoing vessel, the "Columbia", on which they sailed for Portland. The village by the Willamette was not so large as Scottsburg in 1853.

The ocean travelers were Mrs. Steven D. Willis and her son, Bill Willis; her two brothers, Bill and Parson Ross, and two or three sons of another brother, Alex Ross. Also in this group were Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gilliland, and their three youngsters. Margaret Gilliland was three weeks old at the time.

After their arrival in Portland, they journeyed over a trail to the Willis place near Corvallis, where they waited for the arrival of the wagon train.

Now back to the wagon caravan. The little company pulled out of Granville early in the morning of March 17, 1853. They drove to Hennepin, the county seat of Putnam County, a few miles to the southwest. They arrived there a little while before noon. Joining the wagon train in Hennepin were Mr. and Mrs. John Beeson and son Wilborn; Mr. and Mrs. Jim Logan and son Frank; Bill and Purdy McLaughlin; Lyman Gilliland and one of the Willis boys. His first name is not remembered. This group was equipped with six covered

wagons, drawn by four teams of oxen and two teams of horses. The two spare teams of oxen and the two horse teams belonged to Gilliland and Willis.

Many plans were made and must be carried out while on the plains. John Beeson was chosen Captain. Sunday was a day set aside to rest the teams and stock, wash the clothes and to do any repair work on the wagons, or anything that was required. Some member of the company generally went ahead to locate a good patch of grass and to select a camping place for the night.

A group of men was selected by the Captain to stand guard over the camp until midnight to protect the stock from being stolen by the redskins, while another group would be on duty until daybreak. On many nights when danger was foreseen, the wagons were coralled in a large circle, running the tongue of one wagon under the next wagon and everybody in the caravan would sleep inside the circle. Those fearful nights will never be forgotten on the plains, but the next morning the wagon train moved cautiously on.

Captain Beeson carefully cautioned the caravan to guard against any attempt of an Indian attack by stampeding buffalos into the wagon train. When the Indians saw their hunting grounds overrun by hordes of immigrants their hostility arose and was expressed in many ways. A favorite method of harrassing the whites was to stampede wild buffalos in to the wagon trains, creating chaos during which the Indians made off with livestock, equipment and supplies. Such losses, not only crippled caravans, but made difficult their very existence.

The Rices ate dinner that day in Hennepin at the home of Martha Ann Rice's cousin, Martha Zenor. The Rice youngsters were very disappointed and downhearted. The walnuts they so carefully packed to bring along were left behind. The lady where the family dined said, "We have many walnuts left over from the crop last fall. Sylvester, you skip upstairs and pick out the best and as many as you want." What a great rejoicing! This same variety of walnuts made history in Oregon many, many years later.

Note: Margaret Gilliland was born in or around Granville on Jan. 6, 1853, came to Oregon by water at the age of three weeks. When she was 26 years old, she was married to Seneca Smith on May 1, 1879. The couple made their home at the corner of Corbett Street and First Avenue in Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Smith was killed instantly on Corbett Street when thrown from her buggy by a run-away horse in the afternoon at 3:30, December 6, 1889. Interment was in the Riverview Cemetery in Portland.

A Snapshot of the Wagon Train - 1853

The Irish have set aside one day in the year to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. The Irish spirit, with all its hilarity, reigned over Hennepin, Illinois, in 1853.

One of the most interesting things about St. Patrick, whose special day is celebrated by the Irish on March 17th, is the fact that he was not an Irishman as many people believe. The place of his birth has not been definitely settled. Some historians say he was born in Scotland while others claim it was on the southwest coast of England. The date of his birth is not definitely known either. It has been placed anywhere from the year 373 to 389.

St. Patrick was the founder of Christianity and about 360 churches in Ireland. Imagination has invested him with many picturesque thrillers. It was Pat who drove the snakes and toads from Ireland, and performed many miracles. He many times baffled his enemies by bringing darkness down upon them, and on his death on March 17th, ranging from 461 to 473, so great was the glory that there was no night for two weeks, according to the legend.

To top off the occasion commemorating St. Patrick, another attractive scene was taking place in the little midwest village of Hennepin. It was early in the afternoon on St. Patrick's Day in 1853 when a large group of friends and neighbors were on hand to bid the immigrants a last farewell and to witness the start of their journey. What a thrilling experience it was! The great covered prairie schooners drawn by oxen and horse teams were a sight to be remembered. The loose stock driven by young men followed closely behind. It is difficult to understand why so many people would leave their homes and farms in the beautiful Illinois River Balley to brave the danger of the plains. The young folks were proud and happy. They were making their final start for the Willamette Valley in faraway Oregon Territory.

The wagon train consisted of twelve covered wagons and thirty-six people, including babies. There were three boys along to help drive the teams, and the loose stock. They were Felix Hargraves, Tom Whipple and a boy named Storey. No one knew his given name but they called him "Sis". They may have worked their way over the plains for their board.

The Rices had a couple of mares along they called old Pop and Fill, and also two milch cows, Old Reddy and Franway.

The Cook Wagon

There was one covered wagon fixed up for the entire Rice outfit to ride in. It had a step behind so the passengers could get in and out without stopping the team. Travel wasn't very fast in the days of horse-drawn vehicles. Then, there was bedding, dinner box and other personal belongings. Lyman Gilliland, then nineteen years old, was the driver. He is a second cousin to Martha Ann Rice.

Another unique arrangement was the cook wagon. It carried all the necessary supplies with a small sheet iron stove for the purpose of doing the family cooking. This tiny stove had to replace the large range the Rices had to leave behind. A friendly tree beside the trail served as their dining room, but when the weather was stormy a tent was erected. The tent also was used for the family's sleeping quarters. The men and boys made their beds under and in the wagons.

The Wagon Train Leaves Illinois - 1853

Many days and weeks were required in preparing for an eight months' journey to the Oregon country. The crossing of treacherous streams, quicksand, travelling over desert lands where there was no water, just alkili ponds. These are a few of the hardships and experiences these immigrants endured on the plains in the early 1850's.

The first river of consequence the train crossed was the Illinois, as they pulled out of Hennepin. The train wound its way through Illinois and crossed the Mississippi River at Burlington, Iowa. While travelling through Missouri, Harrison Rice bought a pair of well-broken oxen from a farmer, "Old Buck" And "Bright", they were called. These oxen were faithful old animals and did wonderful service for many years.

The caravan came up into Iowa again and camped for a week at Council Bluffs to rest and lay in needed supplies. The place was known as Kanesville, in those days. It was here that Alex and Dorcas Ross and their two youngsters, Cordelia and Jim Ross, joined the company.

The last crossing on the Missouri River was where Omaha, Nebraska, is now located, but these were the days before Omaha was created. The Platte River in Nebraska had to be crossed several times. At one crossing of the Platte, the wagons got into quicksand. The men had to get into the river around the oxen and "whoop them up". They had to do this or they would mire down. The sand slithered around the wagon wheels. They finally got across safely to the opposite shore.

Some places they crossed streams where the immigrants had to raise the wagon boxes so the water wouldn't get into them. They were raised by placing blocks of wood inside the standards. Then the boxes were lashed to the running gears of the wagons with log chains to prevent the swift current from carrying them away.

At one place on the Platte River the water was too deep for fording. Here was a dangerous problem to be solved. The only solution was to unload Alex Ross's wagon and cork up the wagon box and use it as a ferry boat. Everything in the entire caravan had to be ferried across the river in it. A group of men had to dismantle the dozen wagons in the train, ferry them across, while another group on the other side set them up. The women,

children and all personal belongings had to be ferried over. Last, the loose stock, the horses and oxen, were made to swim. The caravan was detained perhaps a week or more in getting across the Platte River in Nebraska. This is one of the many hardships encountered in pioneer days.

The Alkali Ponds

The immigrant train did not go by the way of Salt Lake City, but it did travel through Utah. For many miles along the trail there were alkali ponds. The edges of these ponds were white with soda, a white crust forming on the ground. The men driving loose stock had to rush them by the ponds. If they stopped to drink the lye water it would kill them. It was much worse for stock than the poisonous rhodendron or larkspur. There was no cure for an animal which had drunk the alkali water. The strong lye would destroy the animal's stomach.

While travelling through Wyoming the caravan had to cross the Great American Desert which was hard on teams and stock. It was miles and miles through this desolate country. Many of the travellers became ill from the resulting hardship. They had to carry their drinking water in cans and canteens and to travel late in the night to reach water for the stock.

A story has been told that when the immigrants were passing through the Green River country in Wyoming, the Rices picked up a stray hiefer along the way. It will always remain a mystery where the hiefer came from or how she got there. There were no settlements of any kind, homesteaders, or even prospectors in that part of the country. She apparently was very gentle, made friends with the herd and came on to Oregon. Years later she developed into a highly bred milch cow. The Rices always called her "Old Green River".

Somewhere out on the plains the wagon train pulled into a little trading post at the confluence of the North Platte and Laramie Rivers in eastern Wyoming. Fort Laramie was an open cantonment, the only place between Fort Kearney, Nebraska, and Salt Lake City where immigrants could buy supplies and receive help. Whiskey was one of the many products for sale and it proved to be a good seller. All through times this particular beverage has been responsible for many heartaches, trouble and difficulties.

Fort Laramie was built by the fur traders in 1834 and served as a center for the fur trade until 1849, when purchased by the U. S. Government and garrisoned with troops to protect immigrant trains.

According to the story, Alex Ross got on a big toot and disposed of his wagon and team to someone at the trading post. This is a reminder that the wagon box on this prairie schooner was the one used for a ferry boat on the Platte River in Nebraska. Unfortunately, the team and wagon were gone. From there on the Rosses were compelled to ride with other members of the company to reach

Oregon.

Arrival in Oregon - 1853

Arriving in northeastern Oregon in September of 1853, after six months of patient plodding, day after day, over twisting and dusty trails, it was with great pleasure that the weary teams and tired travellers enjoyed a few days' rest on the new Oregon soil.

This was the Grande Ronde Valley in Union County, the most windy place on earth. The covered wagons had to be staked down to keep the howling gales from turning them over. There was a trading post in the valley, called Willows. It was here that Harrison Rice bought two more oxen, old Sam and Rowdy.

Steven D. Willis met the immigrant train in the Grande Ronde Valley somewhere. Willis and his two sons, Bill and Parish, had crossed the plains the previous year and had been living on his claim near Corvallis. The place was known as Marysville in the early days. The weary immigrants were piloted by Willis to his place in the Willamette Valley, where they had planned to settle.

The caravan followed many miles along the Salmon and Snake Rivers. These streams were full of silver-side salmon and other fish. Several days were spent drying salmon in the autumn sun. Another crossing was the Deschutes River in central Oregon. There were no settlements in this part of the country at that time.

Crossing the Cascades

When the train hit the Cascade Mountains, going by the way of the old Barlow Pass Route, the teams were pretty well exhausted and tired. The boys on horseback took a strong rope, tied it to the end of the wagon tongue, then took two or three half-hitches around their saddle horns. This was the method they used to help pull the heavy wagons up the steep hills while travelling through the rugged Cascades. There were many broken-down wagons, and wagons abandoned by the trail and household goods thrown out to lighten the loads, by immigrants who had passed through the mountains previously.

The trail was laid out in October 1845 by Samuel K. Barlow who once said, "God never made a mountain without some place to go over it." This important route along which the new road lay was afterwards named Barlow Pass in honor of the principal discoverer and promoter.

The worst is yet to come. When the train approached Laurel Hill, they had to descend a long grade, so steep that no kind of a wheel block would hold the wagons back. Wagon brakes were never heard of in those days. Trees were cut down to be used for drags. They were tied to the rear axles of the wagons to hold them back from crowding the teams. In some places the trail was completely barred by walls of rock. The immigrants had to unload and dismount

their wagons. It was necessary to chain them to trees so they could let down the wagons over the cliffs to other cliffs below, and so on until they could be drawn by teams again. This thrilling experience was about equal to that of ferrying the Platte River in a wagon box. Fortunately, there were no mishaps or accidents during the several weeks' travel through this mountainous country.

When the company was safely through, they made camp on a very beautiful stream. This was the Hood River Valley. Old Mount Hood could be seen in the far distance with her snow white hood, looking down on this group of weary travellers. They were all happy in camp that night for they knew they would be travelling through a famous fruit country for several days where they had the promise of some big red apples. As they were plodding along, they came to a place by the trail where there was a large apple orchard. What a sight to behold! The ground was decorated with the luxury and the trees were loaded. These were the first apples the immigrants had seen since they left Illinois. The owner stopped the train and told them to help themselves. They could have a sack full or even a wagon load, he said. What a wonderful treat for hungry people. The youngsters never said a word, but they made a dive for those apples. The spirit of this old Oregonian was wonderful.

The train reached the Willamette Valley without any misfortune. Another large fruit country which was pleasing to the eye. The first little wayside settlement they passed through was Albany. It was about a two-day drive from there to the Steven Willis claim, near Corvallis.

They had spent six months of continuous travel crossing dangerous rivers and arid deserts, enduring heat, dust and hunger. There were no deaths or any suffering of serious illness. They thought they had arrived at their destination, but a change in plans was made.

Bill Willis had visited Southern Oregon the year before. He persuaded his folks to abandon their plans about settling in the Willamette but said it would be much better if the migration was continued further south. The elder Willis, the father of the Willises in the caravan, relinquished his claim and improvements and they all went on to the Umpqua Valley.

They arrived in Roseburg in the early part of November. The village then carried the title of Deer Creek. The little group of travellers camped a week or so on the Mote Howe place up Deer Creek, two or three miles east of Roseburg. The Willises, Rices and Howes were friends in Illinois. Little Della Rice celebrated her ninth birthday on November 4, 1853, while encamped at Howes.

While in camp, Steven D. Willis and his son-in-law Harrison Rice spent several days looking the country over for a suitable location. They each located a claim to the south. The rich soil, the two little mountain streams flowing through the valleys, the

abundance of feed growing in the mountains, furnished a splendid out-range for stock. All these things impressed them. They said, "Oh, here is the place for us to settle."

It was the policy of those days to fell four small trees to form a foundation for a house. At that time, four logs laid in the shape of a cabin would hold a claim. The whole country was open for settlement and jumping a claim was considered an unpardonable act.

It was with great rejoicing that the home seekers returned to camp with the good news that two claims had been located. The last lap of the long journey was resumed. It required two days to drive from Howe place on Deer Creek to the old Pine Tree Ford south of Dillard. It may be interesting to locate these early day fording places:

1. Lemroy Ford was about one mile downriver from the present Winston bridge.

2. Beal Ford where the concrete bridge north of Dillard is located. When the David Thompsons settled on the Thomas J. Beale claim, the crossing then adopted the name of Thompson Ford.

3. The old Pine Tree Ford is on the Robert Phipps claim, a few steps below the mouth of Willis Creek. A large pine tree stood on the west bank of the river, hence the name. In recent years the aged tree was destroyed to make way for modern progress, the California-Oregon Power Company line.

Nightfall overtook the little band in what we identify today as the Winston Valley. The evening campfire was made by a large rock in a field near the old Lemroy Ford. The rock with its background of early history still remains in the same spot. Many old timers in the early days travelled the road that followed by its base.

Early the next day they crossed the river for the last time at the old Pine Tree Ford and made camp where the Willis Creek joins the river. The first settler they chanced to meet in this new land was Robert Phipps. It was raining hard that afternoon when the stranger visited camp. Phipps was rounding up his cattle to drive to his place across the river before the water got high.

Several days were required in digging the banks of the creek down, so the teams and wagons could be driven up the bed of the creek to the Willis claim. This was Willis Creek, named for the first settlers of 1853.

The Rice family camped two or three days at the mouth of Camp Gulch on the Willis place until the men could slash out a trail over the mountains where the Rices were to settle. The Willis and Rice claims were both situated on neighboring creeks with a steep mountain between them. They were about one mile apart on a direct line. The stock and the wagons were driven over this

high mountain where they were to make their home.

The New Home - 1853

After a long and tiresome journey over a blazed trail from Granville, Illinois, that lasted exactly eight months, the little group of weary travellers finally reached their new home on Rice Creek on November 17, 1853. This was the birthday of their son, Sylvester, aged eleven. The hunting and scouting on the plains is over. Harrison Rice has travelled from ocean to ocean. This was the place where the Rices would raise their families and spend the remainder of their days.

The average time for an immigrant to cross the plains in a wagon was from six to eight months. With our paved highways, the car can now cover the same distance in three or four days, while by air it is only a matter of a few hours.

A warm autumn sun shown beautifully over the little narrow valley displaying every charm and natural beauty. The towering maples attired in their golden color, the shading myrtles growing along the mountain brook, made a very attractive scene. A landscape for beauty and home no where to be surpassed. This was the fulfillment of their vision, dreamed of by day and by night. They said, "This is good."

A tent was pitched under a large pine tree. Clapboards were rived out for a shack in which to live for the winter. The bare ground served as a floor and a piece of canvas was hung for a door. The house they had in mind to build was growing yet in the trees about them.

Fortunately, the winter of '53 was very mild and open. There was not even a snowflake. The winters were long and bitter cold in Illinois, their native land. Quite a contrast! The Rices had commented many times that the ice on the little puddles of water wasn't any thicker than a window pane. They lived in comparative comfort, in their tent and clapboard shanty until the opening of spring.

The boys killed many deer during the winter. Drying deer meat in those days was a great pleasure. The venison was cured by cutting it in strips. It was salted and peppered, then hung on strings around the fire, aided by a little smoke.

The first improvement after their arrival on Rice Creek was the building of a dwelling. It wasn't long until the echo of the axe and the hum of the crosscut saw was heard in the timber, and a home was built on the bank of the creek. The forest furnished most of the material, while other materials such as weather boards for siding and rough flooring were obtained from a little steam sawmill around Canyonville. This was the only mill in this part of the country.

The dwelling was quite roomy with an upstairs and cellar for fruit, vegetables, dairy products and other commodities. A

brick fireplace in the large living room provided much comfort and cheer. The walls of the interior were plastered with cotton cloth. A few new chairs, table, lace window curtains and a Home Comfort range for the kitchen made the home a mansion, at least for that day. It was late in 1854 or early the following spring when the new dwelling was ready for occupancy.

In the course of time when more room was required, a lean-to for a kitchen the length of the house was added, along with a good-sized pantry and a woodshed. The setting for the new house was a most beautiful one on the bank of a creek. A climbing rose bush with clusters of white roses trailed over the front porch and climbed the corners to the roof. A well-cared-for lawn with many plantings of flowers and shrubbery helped decorate the front yard.

Della Rice, the eldest daughter, was the queen of the flower garden. When a young lady, she always found time to work among her flowers, transplanting wild ones and caring for them with loving kindness. She was awarded many prizes at flower shows held in Roseburg for her choice exhibits. Her favorite flower was the chrysanthemum. Mrs. W. C. Winston, a younger sister, was also famous for her flower gardening ability. She, too, captured many prizes.

Note: Della Rice was born in Granville, Illinois, on Nov. 4, 1844 and was married to James J. Crawford in Roseburg on June 6, 1866. Crawford was an early-day sheriff of Douglas County. Della Rice Crawford left her old home on Rice Creek in the summer of 1914 and went with her son, Bert Crawford, to Diagonal, Iowa, where she lived until her death, August 22, 1935.

Fruit and berries grew in abundance through the hills. Wild blackberries, huckleberries, raspberries were plentiful in their season. Elderberry bushes lined the creek bank and elderberry pie with old Reddy's rich cream tasted mighty fine. Stories have been told that strawberries grew so thick and large in the spring-time all over this western paradise that light-colored stock was changed to a strawberry color by rolling on the luxuriant fruit. Fruit jars and deep freezes were never heard of in those days. The fruit was dried for home use.

A few trees of walnuts, peaches and apples were set out in 1854. Four years later the apple and peach trees began bearing some fruit. During the winter of 1858 a few trees of cherries, plums and pears were planted. Some of these trees still produce fruit today.

The walnut trees took root from the same variety of walnuts that Martha Zenor gave to Sylvester to bring along the day the wagon train left Hennepin, Illinois, more than 100 years ago. Two of these trees are still standing. The walnut tree that grew in the back yard of the old Rice home had to be cut down. Many years ago when another dwelling burned in May 1908 the heat from the fire ignited the tree. As years rolled on, it grew larger and topheavy,

while the burned spot became hollow and began decaying. Douglas Rice had to destroy the century-old tree in 1955 to regard safety.

A little mountain stream wound its way through the narrow valley. The Rices described the water in the stream as being clear and bright as crystal. For that reason they decided to name it Crystal Creek. In later years, it was re-named Rice Creek, honoring the first settlers. To verify the naming of this picturesque little brook in the mountain country, early historical information will be disclosed in a letter written by the Rice's twelve-year-old son, Sylvester. The message is directed to his father's sister, Roxana Mather, in Granville, Illinois. The aged letter is headed "Crystal Creek, Oregon". The youngster writes,

"Crystal Creek, Oregon Territory
"Monday, June 4th, 1855

"Dear Aunt Roxana,

"I thot I would write you this time, for Benny has not answered the last yet. We are going to school now; Della, Ann, Alice, and me. The teacher went to the election today, for you must know that we send men to congress once in awhile. Grandmother was here today. She is well and has heard that you were married several weeks ago. She is very anxious to know about it. We all went strawberrying yesterday. We got about six quarts of the large ones. It will be harvest in about three weeks. Father has got in about 4 acres of corn and it is about a foot high. I think you had better jump onto a ship and come around here and see us and fetch our new uncle along with you. Grandmother is making the knitting needles fly, for father got 5 lbs. of knitting yarn in the Willamette for $1.50 per lb. We have 2 pigs. We got them from Mr. John Dillard. Father gave $1.50 for them.

"Tuesday - I am in the bed room and I have a nice stand to write on. It is the bed with the family bible on it. Oh, grandmother has got a little boy a keeping. He is about 4 yrs. old. His father's name is Bray. His mother died last winter. It was not exactly winter for it did not freeze ice a quarter of an inch thick.

"Grandmother's boy is here tonight. We have just come in from milking. Aggie wishes you were here to see her little calves. Grandmother is well at present and has been ever since she came into this valley. She milks 4 cows and makes considerable more butter than she uses.

"Good evening, Wednesday. --We have eat breakfast before this many mornings. Father has just got up. We have got some new chairs and a brass kettle, lots of tin pans. Father is fixing up a wagon to go and get a spinning wheel. Grandmother went yesterday to get Austin a pair of skin breeches cut out. Now this is of my own make. Excuse bad spelling, writing and everything else. Write long letters and often. Grandmother sends her respects to all. Give my respects to every one, also to my aunt,

R. W. Rice. My name is Sylvester W. Rice.

"I reckon I have turned to be an Oregonian. Hurrah for Oregon! Plenty of green grass the year 'round. This is a fine country. Hurray for Oregon! Who would not to live here--I would!"

Sylvester's mother adds a few lines:

"Crystal Creek, Oregon Territory
"June 6, 1855, Wednesday morning

"Dear Sister:--

"Sylvester has told you I did not rise very early this morning so I am something in a hurry. The baby is asleep and the children are off to school and the cheese turned, and I with my pen to tell you that I wrote you a long letter last October from which I never heard yet and have been waiting very impatiently, the last 2 months. Now I must tell you about your little Oregon niece and this is the first little Oreg. niece you ever had in your life. You ought to feel very proud of her and come to see her as soon as possible. She was born on the 25th day of March 1855; weighed 9 lbs. When she was 2 months old she weighed 14½ lbs. Her name is Eva Samantha Rice.

"I am well and making cheese and butter by the wholesale. Harrison is waiting to take this to the post office. Do write. Never wait letters from us. Be sure they are on the way.

"Yours sincerely,

"Martha Ann Rice"

Sylvester Rice was born in Granville, Illinois, on November 17, 1842, graduated from Harvard College in 1871 and settled in Portland, Oregon, where he was a lawyer and abstractor. He married Emma Thayer on December 25, 1878. Born to them was Claude Thayer Rice who now resides in New York City. A few years later, Sylvester returned to Rice Creek to live with his mother. He died on October 14, 1902, and was buried in the family plot in the Willis Creek cemetery. Thus he rests over the mountain near his boyhood home which he always loved.

Aggie, mentioned in the letter, was married to W. C. Winston on Feb. 2, 1869. To this union were born--and surviving today--Mrs. Winniford McCormack, Fred Winston, Mrs. Mattie McNabb, Mrs. Edna Smith, and Mrs. Ruth Davidson. Those deceased are Eva Winston, Mrs. Pearl Lenox and Harry Winston. The Winstons are of a well-known pioneer family of Douglas County.

Eva Samantha Rice was the first white child born on Rice Creek March 26, 1865. When she finished the elementary school, the teaching profession became her life's career. She taught the Green, Brockway and Lookingglass schools in Douglas County in the early 1870's. Beginning in September 1880, Eva S. Rice taught 39 years in the public school system in Portland, retiring in June 1919. She died at her home in Dillard on March 21, 1945 at the age of

ninety. Other children born to the Harrison Rices on the old home place on Rice Creek were Sarah E., Ernest L., and Edith E. This group of early-day Rices are all gone.

Rices Attacked by Indians - 1855

The following article is taken from a manuscript prepared by Della Rice Crawford of Diagonal, Iowa, thirty years ago. Mrs. Crawford was 83 years old when the account was written. She was a little girl, eleven years old at the time of the attack and the circumstances are very clearly in her memory.

THE HADLEYS BRUTALLY MURDERED. FOUR ESCAPED. AUSTIN RICES' ARM BROKEN. DR. McCLAND SUMMONED. HOUSE RIDDLED BY INDIAN BULLETS. YOUNGSTERS HID UNDER BED. OLD COW CREEK TOM DROPPED. FARM BUILDINGS AND LOG SCHOOLHOUSE BURNED. SAVAGES CROSSED OVER AT O'BETTE ON WAY TO OLLALLA.

During the years of 1855 and 1856 there were many Indian uprisings all over Southern Oregon. The early settlers were forced to build log stockades around their houses to protect themselves against the attackers. The Indians looked upon the white man as invaders of their hunting grounds. They made a fierce but unsuccessful attack upon the Rices.

In October 1855, Harrison Rice and his brother, Austin, began work on a log stockage around their house. The family was moved across the river to the Phipps and McKee homes and also to the Mote Howes on Deer Creek while the construction was underway. When the work was completed the family returned to their home on Rice Creek.

While they were away from home some thieves came in the night and stole the large brass kettle Rice had purchased several months previously. No doubt it was taken from the creek where they did the family washing. In addition to this theft, the same group of pilferers had stolen Peggy, an old mare, from the Willises. The raid was a complete surprise. The stolen property was recovered some time later.

Just prior to this attack, an Indian lad about 16 or 17 years of age came to live with the Rices. He was identified as Sam Hadley. There has been quite a remarkable legend told about why this boy deserted the tribe and came to Rice Creek. A tribe of Indians by the name of Hadley were living along the Lookingglass Creek near the Arrington place in the upper end of Happy Valley. They were good and peaceable individuals and the white neighbors got along with them very well. They belonged to the powerful Umpqua Tribe and had no connection with any other Indians, nor did they speak the same language. Sam Hadley had a young wife and small papoose.

One dark night in the fall of 1855, a band of white men slipped in upon the Hadleys and murdered them by a surprise attack.

The squaws fled from the horrible scene with their children, but they were dropped in their tracks. Sam, the wife, papoose, and another member of the Hadleys were the only four who escaped the ghastly slaughter. The young mother and child and the other relative went to the mountains where they found shelter with some of their own tribe. Sam, remembering that the Umpqua Indians had been kindly treated by the Rices, went to them for protection. The killing was denounced by everyone all over the country, and the murderers gained nothing from their terrible deed. It was never known who the killers were and the excitement soon died out.

Two years after the Harrison Rices settled on Rice Creek, which was known as Crystal Creek in those days, they were subjected to an Indian attack which came very nearly being disastrous, but for the alertness of Rice in making a timely discovery of the sneaking enemies and his foresight in having his house barricaded in the previous October. There is little doubt the Indians would have massacred them.

This was a time when the Rogue River and Cow Creek Indians were on the war path (1855-56). The ring leader of the gang was old Cow Creek Tom. We will see what happened to him later. A group of these Indians, roughly estimated at thirty, left Cow Creek on an expedition to the north, stealing and burning on their way. In the locality of Boomer Hill they shot at a settler by the name of Yell, but he got away. Continuing on, they arrived on Rice Creek late in the night.

It was just about day break, the first day of December, 1855, when young Sam Hadley arose early and went high up on the mountain in front of the Rice home to observe if there was any evidence of Indians. All he was able to see at this early hour was smoke emerging from the Dooley cabin, a mile up the creek, which was located on the old John Henry place. By this time Rice was up and built the morning fires. When he went out to a nearby shed to feed some corn to a couple of mares, Pop and old Fill, he noticed they were excited. They stuck up their ears and snorted. This indicated Indians were lurking in the vicinity.

The two Rice brothers, Harrison and Austin and the Indian boy were standing outside the fort door when they noticed smoke rising up through the timber, evidently from the Indians' camp fire. They knew there would soon be deviltry.

All of a sudden the Indians began firing. One bullet hit Austin, breaking his arm. His brother standing by his side kept him from falling; but rushed him into the house immediately with these words, "Oh, Austin's arm is broken!" Mrs. Rice shouted, "Oh, Harrison close the fort door quickly. The Indians might come in and kill us!"

The injured man, who was thirty at the time, was brought into the house and placed on a pallet in front of the fireplace. His sister-in-law and mother gave him all the aid and comfort that was possible.

The Indians surrounded the house and were firing into it from all sides. The bullets were rattling down on the house like hail. The children became frightened and started crying. They were instructed to be very quiet so the Indians wouldn't know they were there. There was a bed in the front room. The defenders soon strung out their straw ticks, pillows and quilts along the lower walls as buttresses to protect the children from the Indian bullets and hastily organized for defense. The Rice youngsters who hid under the bed were Della, Anna, Alice, Aggie, age 3, and Eva, the baby of 9 months.

There were six or seven guns in the house and the elder Rices commenced the dangerous task of moulding out bullets by the fireplace. It was dangerous because in spite of every precaution the bullets kept slipping through the windows and door from the rifles of the besiegers.

The Indian boy would shoot out of the north window in the bedroom quite often. He saw only one Indian dodging from one tree to another, but Sam said he would shoot occasionally to warn them that someone in the house could shoot. They were then across the creek ffom the dwelling. Their firearms were old muzzle loaders and they would have to stop and load every time they fired.

The Indians would make an endeavor to persuade the occupants in the house to talk to them. They would say, "Who is the Indian in there. Suppose he thinks he is a Boston man!" Sam said, "We must not say one word! They want to find out where we are so they can shoot at us." When the occupants would not answer them, they would say again, "Suppose you want to be shot at some more." Then they would shoot again and would give the war whoop. They talked in jargon and Sam could understand every word they said. These Indians were mostly young people and their voices would tremble as if they were excited.

Sylvester Rice was the eldest child in the Rice family. He was 13 at the time and the only boy. Sylvester was instructed to go and inform some bachelor neighbors, Robert Phipps, Clawson and Kennedy McCloud, and McKees, who were living across the river, that help was needed to fight the invaders. About this time the lad slipped out through the window without being seen. When the Indians discovered him running for help, they began shooting. The bullets whizzed on every side of the boy as he ran but fortune ran with him. Sylvester escaped uninjured on his way to carry the news of the attack. After he was some distance away, he dropped to the ground to remove his shoes that he might run faster.

After arriving at the river, Sylvester discovered the canoe was anchored on the opposite side. He called and called. When Kennedy McCloud heard the calling, he yelled back that Phipps and McKees were not at home, but for him to skip on up to his grandfather Willis on Willis Creek and tell them of the attack. It was three or four miles away on the route he was forced to take, although it would have been much nearer had he been able to go directly over the mountain from the Rice home to his grandfathers;

this the presence of the Indians forbad.

When Sylvester arrived at his destination, out of breath, his grandfather said, "Well, young man, what's the matter? Have the Indians run you out?"

The grandson answered, "Yes, they are over there now, shooting at father and mother!"

Sylvester's grandmother Willis was away from home at the time. She was staying with her daughter, Mary Gilliland on Deer Creek, as Mary's son, Cyrus Byington Gilliland was born that fall, November 26. The other members of the Willis family were across the creek attending to their morning milching. Grandfather Willis was under the impression that the Indians might attack them. Preparations were made to defend themselves, but the attack failed to appear (December 1, 1855).

Note: Cyrus Byington Gilliland was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gilliland on Deer Creek, east of Roseburg, on November 26, 1855. The young man was shot and killed instantly by the Mormons at Eagle Rock, Idaho, on October 28, 1880, at the age of 24 years, 11 months and 29 days.

Kennedy McCloud organized a group of neighbors where they hastily fled to the defense of the Rices. They didn't get far before the Indians drove them back across the river.

In the meantime the battle at the Rice stockade continued hot and heavy. The front door of the house was splintered with many a ball from the Indians' old muzzle loaders. That door may still be seen, as it is among the relics on display in the lobby of the courthouse in Roseburg. The walls were pockmarked with bullet holes. None of the family was hit, because of the foresight of Sam.

An Indian more daring than the rest had approached quite close from the creek side with a burning torch with the intention of firing the roof. Just as he was in the act of throwing the fireball, Harrison Rice discovered him. Rice dropped the arsonist with his pistol. The dead Indian's accomplice picked up his companion and escaped into the timber. There were two pairs of feet coming toward the house and one pair leaving.

Old Jim Dick, a fragment of the Umpqua tribe of Indians, a neighbor of the Rices for many years, always declared the Indian who attempted to fire the house was no one else than the notorious old "Cow Creek Tom." His final resting place, in a secluded timber setting on the old Rice homestead, is unkempt and almost forgotten.

After the Willises had made preparations for defense, one of the sons, Albert Willis, 21 years old, saddled up old Jane and rode over to the Rice home to see the result of the attack. As the young man was riding up the lane below the Rice house, he was

observed by the defenders who warned him to go back, fearing the Indians might be lurking in the timbers, and indeed they were.

Rice yelled to Albert Willis, "We are all right except Austin's arm is broken by a stray bullet. Where is Sylvester?"

Willis replied, "He is safe; he is over home."

When the Willis lad was returning home after asserting the safety of the Rices, he was fired upon by the hostile savages as he galloped old Jane successfully through a hail of bullets without a scratch.

The carpenter shop and tools, the granary full of grain, the wagon shed with wagons and harness, all went up in smoke. In addition to this deviltry, the besiegers shot and killed Sam and old Rowdy while they were grazing at the lower end of Calf Gulch. These were a pair of faithful old oxen Rice acquired two years previously at a trading post in the Grande Valley, while traveling through eastern Oregon to Rice Creek.

The Rices had no clock in those days, but it must have been nearly noon when the invaders left the vicinity, never to return. No doubt the savages discovered the approach of I. B. Nichols and his volunters who were in hot pursuit.

When they were deserting the locality, they touched the torch to Austin Rice's house below the Rice home. The little log school house at the mouth of Rice Creek (Crystal Creek then) was reduced to a pile of ashes. This was the only school in this part of the country in those days. Mathew Neeves closed the fall term of school a few days before it was burned.

The Indians crossed through a low gap on one of the ridges of Mt. O'Bette, dropping down on the old Parker place in Kent Gulch. From this point they hastened to Olalla, following about the same route that the old stage road went from Brockway to Camas Mountain.

When the savages disappeared, Dr. McCloud was called in the afternoon to come and set Austin's arm. There were no X-rays in those days, but by a careful diagnosis the arm was found to be broken and the bone shattered. Dr. McCloud took charge, doctoring and nursing him until the young man was on the road to recovery. It grew a little crooked, but he was able to split rails, rive out shakes, and do all kinds of work with it. He learned to rise above his affliction and enjoy life.

Incidentally, Dr. McCloud was the first doctor to practice medicine in this part of the country. There were two brothers, Kennedy and Clawson McCloud, who came to Oregon in the early 1850's and settled on a land claim on the east side of the river. It isn't known which one of the brothers was the physician, or where he obtained his medical education.

Dr. McCloud was not a professional practitioner as we have today, but like all early physicians, he understood the medical value of the herbs and roots from which he made many of his medicines. The young doctor was of great service to the relief of his suffering neighbors. He was welcome in every pioneer home.

Reports of the Indian deviltry on Rice Creek caused some excitement and the news spread over the countryside like a prairie fire. The settlers along the route vacated their homes and rushed to nearby forts for protection. When the Indians found the homes vacated, they helped themselves to their contents. They packed their loot on old Pop and Fill and other horses they stole along the way. Their raid seemed to be more for the purpose of stealing and burning than killing. The thieves evidently did not expect to meet with any opposition.

A group of white men from Cow Creek trailing the Indians were told of the attack after reaching the Willis place. The volunteers went over the divide and dropped down to the Rice home shortly before nightfall, where they enjoyed a hearty supper. W. L. Wilson, W. F. Briggs and two boys, Eugene Flint and Benton Kent, both about 16 or 17 years old, remained with the Rices overnight. Mr. Wilson had a son along who was called Purdy, about the same age as the other two boys. Purdy went with the men after the warriors. His father instructed him how to wrap a blanket around his body in the event they got in a battle with the Indians.

The warriors were followed by a large detachment of soldiers and volunteers to the Billie Wells place in Olalla. A severe battle took place early in the next morning on December 2, 1855. In the skirmish one Indian was killed and several were wounded. There were no white casualties. The band was broken up entirely.

The hostiles made their way up Thompson Creek, a tributary of the Olalla, and to their headquarters in the big bend of Cow Creek, where they were discovered a few months later. After all this deviltry, stealing and destroying, the result was that all the Indians in southern Oregon were rounded up by the U. S. Government and sent to the Siletz Reservation in May 1856. This was a great relief to the white settlers.

When the Olalla battle was ended, the brass kettle belonging to the Rices was located in an Indian camp along Olalla Creek. The kettle and the mares were returned to them. All other stolen stock and loot were returned to the settlers by the soldiers and volunteers. Old Pop had bullets in her neck from the engagement.

The Rices always admired Sam Hadley for his bravery and courage, believing with his assistance and foresight that he saved the family from a terrible massacre. He had nothing but praise. A short while later Sam, his young wife and pappose were united somewhere out in the mountains.

There is more yet to the story. Unfortnately, this same band of outlaws had murdered young Sam before they were rounded up and

taken to the reservation for assisting the Rices in their sneaking attack. The young hero's death was mourned by all the white settlers.

A few days after the attack on Rice Creek, the family was moved across the river to stay with some neighbors until a fort could be constructed on the Willis claim for their protection. In the fall of 1856 when the Indian wars came to an end, the Rices returned to their home.

All the pioneers who participated in the Indian assaults have gone on to the Great Beyond of no Return, where there is only one Judge. How interesting it would be if we could sit in with them up in the Big Green Pastures and hear them fight the Indian battle all over again.

Early Day Drowning Tragedy - 1857

Early day records indicate the first two drownings in the Civil Bend Country which was the name in those days. The tragedy happened 100 years ago when the Lookingglass Creek at Brockway claimed the lives of two people. The story has been remembered this way.

When the country was in its primitive beauty there lived a young couple on Willis Creek by the name of Lyman Beecher Gilliland, age 23, and Sarah Elizabeth Willis, 20. They were second cousins and had lived in this new land a little more than three years. The story reveals that the couple saddled up their horses and rode to a New Year's dance January 1, 1857, north of Brockway. It is not known definitely where the dance was held, but it is believed it could have taken place in the John Cox home. They lived on what is known today as the Buxton ranch. The Coxes were famous for all social activities and it is believed they were the hosts.

The New Year was ushered in like a lion. The night was stormy and the water rose. When the dance adjourned in the early hours of the morning, the couple had to cross a swollen stream on a ferry boat. The creek crossing then was located at what is known today as back of the Harold Nichols' residence. Evidently, the ferry was anchored on the north shore and the identify of its operator has never been revealed. As they were being ferried across, the horses became frightened and backed off the ferry boat into the swirling waters of Lookingglass Creek. The riders and horses succumbed in a watery grave before daybreak on January 2, 1857.

Origin of Pioneer Willis Creek Cemetery

THEY SLEEP IN OUR HILLS. LONELY CEMETERY IS FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR PIONEERS. HIDDEN HISTORY IN BURYING GROUNDS. OLD GRAVES CAN TELL MANY STORIES.

The first little burying ground plotted in this area dates back to January 1856. It was located on the John Cox land claim, which is presently known as the Buxton ranch in the Brockway local-

ity. The grave yard was about a quarter mile north of the Buxton farmhouse. The setting is pleasantly situated in a little saddle on one of the ridges shaded by spreading oak trees.

The first interment in this little cemetery was a lad by the name of Thomas S. Gage, about 18 or 20 years old, a son of the Joseph Gages. Young Gage was killed in the Cow Creek Canyon while on an Indian expedition. Very little information is available as to how Tom Gage met his death, but a few details handed down thru the years have been told this way.

A small group of men and boys were in camp for the night in a little opening, almost level ground, on a mountainside under a few scattering pine trees. It seems that the captain of the company was not very cautious and permitted his men to build fires around where they took part in wrestling. A group of hostile Indians came in view of the camp from the timber, firing among the men assembled around the fire. A boy by the name of John L. Gardner was killed instantly, and Tom Gage, mortally wounded, died the following day, January 2, 1856.

The two dead boys were carried out of the mountains on stretchers to Glenbrook (Hanna Nickel Mine). Gardner was buried in the Riddle cemetery, while Gage was taken to Civil Bend for funeral rites. This was the first burial in the Cox cemetery. The father, Joe Gage, was the first owner of the property where Brockway now stands.

Many of the early settlers are buried here. The Kent family plot holds the remains of L. D. Kent, born in Kentucky on September 9, 1813, drowned January 22, 1857; Robert Kent born in the same state in 1801, died October 13, 1875; Ira Lee Kent died October 14, 1873, age one year, 10 months and 28 days; and Frank Kent, an infant, died October 18, 1864.

In December 1877 the little company of sleeping occupants was transferred to a new burying ground, the Civil Bend cemetery. The land was furnished by Beaman and Burbon Brockway. The first interment here was that of Alonzo Miller who died April 20, 1877, age 70 years. A few of the graves in the old Cox cemetery were not opened and the old tombstones still remain there.

The peioneers in the early days had their own private burying grounds on their own places. When the Lookingglass Creek at Brockway gave up the bodies of the young couple who lost their lives in the swollen stream on January 2, 1857, a final resting place must be made possible for them.

The origin of the Willis Creek cemetery carries a very interesting and historical background. An 1853 arrival, Steven D. Willis and Robert Phipps, a neighbor, selected a burying site on the lower end of the Willis land claim for the remains of Willis' sister, Sarah Elizabeth, and his grandnephew, Lyman Beecher Gilliland.

In the rolling hills of the South Umpqua Valley a little grave

yard is located on an open hillside at the edge of a tongue of green timber reaching down from the shadowing oak hills which rise one above the other to form a mountainous chain that leads to the distant Cow Creek. The little fields and meadows flank the western boundary of Willis Creek.

Many of our pioneer characters who are worthy of remembrance are buried here--pioneers and sons and daughters of pioneers. The tombstones bear the names of Willis, Rice, Phipps, Smith, Gilliland, Huntley, Barrett, Mayborn, Walker and many others.

This year, 1957, marks 100 years of service for the little Willis Creek cemetary. In the fall of 1922, Victor Phipps took possession of his grandfather's large ranch. A short time before his death in January 1948, Phipps deeded the cemetery along with a small piece of the extra ground adjacent, to the county road for burying purposes. This is a private cemetary of 1½ acres for neighbors and former residents who have relatives buried there.

Mrs. Victor Phipps and her daughter, Helen Phipps, are living on the old Willis place today.

Note: Steven Daws Willis was born in Hencoop County, South Carolina, on August 10, 1799; passed away on May 31, 1878, 6 PM, at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alex (Mary) Gilliland on Deer Creek. The deceased was buried in the little cemetery he founded.

An Old Pioneer Letter - 1858

The following is a letter written about 100 years ago by Harrison Rice to his sister and brother-in-law, Benjamin and Roxana Mather, in Granville, Illinois. The original letter, which appears on page 19, has long been in safekeeping among the Rice clan. The letters are well preserved and are in the possession of Mrs. Harry Davis of Dillard, Oregon, Mrs. Davis being a granddaughter of Harrison and Martha Ann Rice. The letters read:

"Oregon Territory
"Douglas County
"January 25th, 1858

"Benjamin and Roxana Mather
"Granville, Illinois

"Dear Brother and Sister:

"I take this opportunity to answer your letter which came to hand some two or three months ago. All the apology I have to make for not answering it sooner is you set the example, and we, living away out here in the mountains, nearly out of the bounds of civilization, think it will do to follow it, but I want to strike a bargain with you. If you will do better about writing to your friends here in Oregon, I will try and do better about answering

your letters. We are all well. I have not been troubled with the sick headache, but worry little for several months. I feel considerably in hopes that it is going to leave me in a great measure.

"We have had a remarkable pleasant winter thus far. There has been snow of consequence here in the valleys and but very little freezing. It has not froze hard enough to injure potatoes or squashes that are just thrown into an open building. There has been considerable rain the last two or three weeks and the high mountains are covered with snow but we think the hardest weather is over, for we generally have pleasant weather in February and make gardens, plant potatoes, and the like. We have not made many improvements on our farm the last two years on account of the Indian troubles, but we hope that we are through with that in this part of the country, as the indivians have been got out of the mountains and taken to the reserve.

"Feb. 7th, 1858 - Sylvester is going to school and it keeps me pretty busy to cut the fire wood, do the chores and look after the stock. A good many of the cows are having calves now, and we have to look them up and get them home for fear the panthers will catch them. They killed four or five of our calves last year. We expect to have over thirty cows to tend this season. I helped Austin build a house last summer and he helped me build a shop and granary. I made me a new wagon last fall, the first one I have built in Oregon. I do some repairing. I have made window sashes this winter for Alex Gilliland's house, Father Willis and Austins. I am at work now making shingles for a barn. Austin and I saw and haul the blocks and Parrish Willis shaves them. I want to get the materials together this year and build a year from this spring if I can. We live so far from the saw mill. It looks like a big job to build a barn. We have been setting out some more fruit trees this winter, a few pears, cherries, and plums. We had a few peaches last year. We are in hopes to have a few apples this year. I think this will be a good fruit country. I saw as fine apples as I ever saw any place, that grew in the Willamette Valley. We were very anxious for a while last fall, for fear Oregon would come in as a slave state, but when the vote was taken on the constitution we found there was a very large majority for a free state.

"Mother and Austin live by themselves again. Mother's health is very good. I can see she grows old. Austin's arm has got so that it don't bother him much. I thought it had entirely healed up so that it would not break out again, but last week there was another piece of bone come out. It is some crooked but he can chop and make rails and do all kinds of work with it. He has killed over thirty deer the last year. Sylvester and Parrish went hunting yesterday and brought in a nice venison. Austin is complaining a good deal of you, and Ellihu's folks. He says he has not got the first scratch of a pen from either of you for the last two years. We have no preaching near enough to go to in the winter. In the summer we can get out once in a while. In the winter we stay home Sundays and read. We get a good many papers. We

get the National Era and the New York Ledger. Last year Martha Ann took "Godys Lady Book." This year she sent for "Harper's Magazine." The children took "Grace Greenwood's" paper, the "Little Pilgrim." Austin takes the "New York Tribune". Father's folks take the "Hennepin Tribune". We generally get that to read.

"I expect that Henry Perdy is back in old Putnam this winter enjoying himself. If you could see him he could tell you a little how we are situated out here among the mountains. I suppose you are all shivering over the fire trying the very hardest kind to keep warm. It isn't so here. The hillsides are covered with flowers and the children run and play out all day as much as they do in April or May.

"Now Roxanna, I have wrote nothing that will interest you much but I want you and your husband to write and tell us all about the folks and all the news you can think of. So now, for the present time,

"Your brother,

Harrison Rice."

Martha Ann adds a few lines. We read:

"Dear Sister:

"Harrison thinks he cannot fill this page and I like to get an excuse to scribble to you. It seems a long time since I wrote you. We have been called to pass through the saddest scenes that have befell us in our pilgrimage since I have written you. We miss our dear friends very much, but we hope to remember that afflictions spring of the dust, but are sent for some wise purpose. I am afraid I will have nothing of interest to write to you. Two weeks ago Park Willis was here. He left last fall for this country with his mother, aunt Anna, his wife and child. They left New York the 27th of October (1857) and landed 60 miles north of San Francisco the 22nd of November 1857 in good health and are well pleased with the country. Spring is near. The blooms of the peach begin to show the red very plain the the prospects for peach pie is most flattering. The children have been gathering flowers for two weeks past. I hope you are well and have had a pleasant winter but I want to say to you that no earthly consideration could induce me to go back to Illinois to live, and yet I remember its beautiful prairie, with the most kindly feelings. 'Tis too cold for me. Harriet Howe has another son named John Robinson. We got a stove last fall as good as the one we left, paid $55.00, and I want you to know we have glass in our windows and our house plastered with cotton cloth. New table, fire irons, curtains, and going to have new chairs and everything fine in general and we, not only have nice things, but good things in abundance. We dried berries by the bushel. We get sugar by the 100 lbs. and molasses by the keg. (pay in butter and cheese.) Yesterday I made 12 loaves of bread and mince pies. Ann made a peck of crackers. Della fried a half bushel of nut cakes and I finished by making a lot of pumpkin

pies out of squash, and baking a hen, and I have a new linsey dress and Harrison has new pants. Della sews the seams, I put in the pockets, buttons and so forth, and we are not afraid of the indians any more at all. Now if I was not so near down the page I might tell you all, many more things. I see mother often, Eva likes very much to go home with her and stay all night.

"I send best wishes and love to all.

Martha Ann Rice"

The Melodeon of 1864

When the immigrants began settling in southern Oregon, there were no musical instruments of consequence in the new land owing to transportation hardships. Many violins were brought across the plains because they were small and easy to carry. The late Mrs. Mary Phipps reported many years ago when her parents, the Alex Gages, came west, her mother wrapped a blanket around the violin box and used it for a pillow. Occasionally, a western traveler found available space in the prairie schooner for the parlor organ.

The early day Rices of "53" were intelligent, industrious and a thrifty class of people. They grew everything the soil would produce. Herds of cattle grazed on the outside range and many times the calves would serve as the cougar's prey. Their smoke houses were full of smoked hams and bacon for family use, and for a medium of exchange.

Every fall Harrison Rice would take a large wagonload of his smoked products to Portland to exchange for home commodities that were unknown to southern Oregon. It required several weeks of hard travel to complete a round trip. The well worn trail to the little town on the Willamette, followed by travelers, was really a rude, rough road made by the early day cumbersome vehicles. Portland in this time was about 225 miles away.

Rice always had enough money to pay his own expenses and was decently clothed. He carried a roll of bedding and a supply of cooking utensils. The water bucket hung on the rear axle of the wagon. On a clear night Rice would sleep in a farmer's barn or under a friendly tree by the roadside. If the night was stormy, the traveler would put up at a farm house and pay for his night's lodging which was comparatively small. As a rule, people in those days were honest and trustworthy.

The farmer always considered it a treat to have these travelers drop in for the night as each one had an interesting story to tell. They would discuss their experiences and hardships about crossing the plains, the search for gold around the young San Francisco, and the mode of life in the diggins. Most of them were in their forties, full of ambition and daring. They were valuable citizens and without them, it would have been impossible to develop the resources and to increase the wealth of the far West so rapidly. These travelers were wonderful company and the farmers

regretted to see them resume their onward journey. This is a brief sketch of life in the olden days.

In the fall of 1864, Rice then 48, delivered a wagon load of bacon to Portland. While shopping around the trading center he discovered a little musical instrument in one of the retail stores called the melodeon.

The little instrument is an American organ with the cabinet resting horizontally, on slender legs, rather than extending vertically to the floor. It belongs to the "Harmonium" group and is about the size of an ordinary library table. Candle holders were made on each side for candle lighting. This is the most popular of many names for a musical instrument which is nothing more than a large scale harmonica, or mouth organ, with mechanical bellows, keyboard and foot pedals. Other names for the instrument are reed organ, parlor organ, cabinet organ and melodeon. The wind is sucked rather than forced past the reeds. It has a certain sweetness of tone not found in our modern pipe organ, but has a rather flute-like sound. The melodeon has served in churches and private parlors during the latter 19th and early 20th centuries. At one time there were as many as 22,000 manufactured in one year and they were popular until the cheap parlor organ replaced them.

This particular little instrument was manufactured by Mason and Hamlin Company of Boston, Mass., the firm being established in 1861. It was made of rosewood material and shipped around the Horn to Portland. Rosewood is a hardwood tree which grows in Brazil. It is so named because when freshly cut it has a sweet odor of roses and the highest esteem for cabinet making.

Rice was greatly inspired when he learned that the little stranger on the Pacific Coast was manufactured in his home state of Massachusetts. He considered it to be very valuable. Inquiring of the salesman the price, Rice was informed it would cost $100. When the amount of bacon and hams were exchanged for it, the precious instrument was carefully wrapped, packed and hauled to the Rice home in southern Oregon.

All through the long years, the melodeon has been in safekeeping among the Rices. Today, it is in the home of Mrs. Harry Davis of Dillard. The sweetness and expressiveness of tone is as charming and melodious as ever. Now, with the radio, electric phonograph, T. V., and Hammond Organ the melodeons have dropped swiftly into disuse.

Story of the Rice Creek Indians

INDIAN LORE RECALLED IN EARLY DAYS ON RICE CREEK. INDIANS RELISHED GRASSHOPPER CAKES. CAMAS ROOTS VERY IMPORTANT FOOD. DOGS AND PONIES THEIR CHIEF POSSESSIONS. INDIANS HAD PECULIAR NAMES. OLD MOLLIE GANGROE A NOBLE CHARACTER. LIVED WITH RICES IN HER LAST DAYS. GIVEN DECENT BURIAL.

After the close of the Indian Wars in 1855-56, the Umpqua tribe of Indians was divided. Some of them went out to the Siletz Reservation on the coast, while others joined the Klamath and Warm Springs Reservation. Many of the Indians settled in the forest lands on the little tributaries of the South Umpqua River.

A village of friendly Indians dwelt in some of the little shady vales on Rice Creek. They were a fragment of the great tribe of the Umpquas and were well contented with their location and their white neighbors. There is no exact date when this group of Indians settled on Rice Creek, but they did inhabit the region during the Indian Wars of 1855-56. Somewhere along in the 1880's the band vanished.

A few of their names have been remembered, which are listed as Nick and Mollie Gangroe, the Peecars, Jonnie Timtim, old Kissicuss, Greasy John, Lewis Donpier, Pete Peecaw, Jim Dick Peetee.

The villages, of course, did not have streets. Their shanties were stuck here and there under a bluff or on the side of a hill. The building of these crude dwellings was a long hard job. The trees had to be cut down and the material split from them with the very poorest variety of tools. Few white men would want to split logs with such poor instruments. Most of these shacks were rather long and about 15 feet wide. Their floors were made out of thick punchron, with shakes about three or four feet long for a roof split from the trees.

They were very grateful as all Indians belonging to the Umpqua Tribe were a poverty-stricken group. Dogs and ponies were their chief possessions. Around every such village were many dogs and many copper-colored youngsters without many clothes. At the sight of a stranger every dog would start barking. Surprise of such a village was impossible because of the dogs.

A story has recently been recalled by Susie Winston of Roberts Creek that Pete Peecaw owned a little brown mare he called Seelum. She was a very trim animal and full of life. One day in the late 1870's Henry Lander, Susies' father, an early settler of the Green District, came to the Indian village and bought Seelum for his little boy Jonnie to ride. She was well broken but she did have a bad trait. The pony was in the height of her glory when she was ridden by boys or men but did have a different attitude toward women. When Seelum was mounted by any of the fair damsels, she turned into a bucking bronc, kicking sky high, twisting and kicking the air. The feminine rider was thrown from the back of the wildly pitching animal.

Their mode of living was very simple but don't imagine for a moment that these Rice Creek Indians were always lazy, lying in the winter sun and hiding from the winter rains. That way they could not exist.

The Indian chiefs had their fishing to do. The fish in Rice

Creek in those days were as thick as the shakes on a large stock barn. They were netted and speared. The forest produced plenty of game. When the braves did no fishing they hunted deer to be dried into jerky to be added to their winter provisions.

The work of the squaws was never done. They were always kept busy. They cooked over a fireplace, wove baskets and fine salmon nets. Clothing had to be made from root fibers and skins. There were robes to be made from bear skins and shirts from deer skins. There had to be leggings and moccasins. The fish which the chiefs brought from the creek had to be dried and treated. The squaws took over the deer that were killed in the woods. Hazel nuts and pine nuts were to be gathered in season. Also salal berries, huckleberries, gooseberries, blackberries, choke cherries, currants, salmonberries and strawberries had to be gathered and dried, when they were ready.

Cooking, weaving, digging, picking, bearing children and gathering wood--the Indian women were seldom idle. At thirty they were aging and at fifty they were old.

The children grew up just like Topsy. They were loved and they were never punished, for fear the punishing would break their spirits. They were given very little attention. If they wandered away and fell into the creek they had better swim. Their folks would not be there. If they went too far into the woods among the shadows and the beasts, that was their own look out. Only the most cunning and the luckiest got by.

More important than all other foods, except fish and wild game, was the camas or sweet onion and it was dug in early summer. It was found in most parts of the Pacific Northwest. The onion-like roots were a staple like flour for the Indians. It is a native plant of the lily family and grows about 18 or 20 inches high. During the springtime the plant bears blue blossoms. Sauvie Island in Multnomah County, Oregon, had the most famous of all camas fields.

The Indians ate the bulbs raw, boiled or baked. The bulbs and sunflower seeds were dried in the sun, pulverized and made into flour. Some they stored to last them through the winter and from others they made a molasses. "Camas" is an Indian word meaning "sweet". It is more commonly known as an Indian war plant. Old-timers have recalled that at one time friendly Indians served their white neighbors delicious bulbs. A few years later the Indians declared war on the white settlers they had once welcomed, because the newcomers trespassed on their camas fields, permitting their hogs to root up and to devour the onion-like bulbs.

Mr. Burbank, the potato king, thought camas bulbs could be as important a food as potatoes, and he spent years developing varieties with high-quality bulbs and beautiful blooms. Today we admire the flowers in our gardens, but ignore the nutritious bulbs.

Another important plant that grew along Rice Creek and in the meadows was the soap lily. The Indians made soap from crushed

bulbs of the soap plant and brushes from the fiber husks around the bulbs. They also ate cooked bulbs and went fishing with raw ones. To catch fish they would dam up a small pool, put crushed bulbs in the water and wait for the stupified fish to float to the surface. Eventually white men made this lazy style of fishing illegal. Many still wash their clothes with these soapy bulbs as the Indians have done for centuries.

The Indians boiled most of their food. They had baskets, woven so tightly they would hold water. Into the baskets, filled with water and pieces of salmon, the squaws would drop hot stones from the fireplace. These early Rice Creek Indians never heard of a cook stove. When the water would boil, the salmon would cook.

Many of the old-timers who are gone have told stories about how the Rice Creek Indians relished cakes made from the dried camas roots and fat grasshoppers. The cake recipe has been more or less of a secret among the tribe, but some of the early settlers have told it this way:

A barbecue pit is dug in the ground and lined with flag lilies. The camas roots and grasshoppers are pulverized into a thick dough. The dough is securely wrapped in leaves, laid in the pit and baked for a week or ten days. When the cakes are ready for serving it is said they are very delicious and appetizing to the Indians. The candy-like juices ooze through the leaves and cover the bottom of the pit which adds to the flavor. These tasty cakes are prepared during the grasshopper season.

This group of Indians were frequent visitors at the W. W. Walker home over the mountain in Kent Gulch. Walker could speak their language and they became great friends. The Walker family was mostly girls and the white chief's daughters had eyes as blue as the camas blossoms. The Walkers held great respect for their red neighbors over the divide.

There have been many stories told of the early days in this valley, but never a word has been related regarding Mollie Gangroe. She is a noble character, and one of the dearest old souls who ever walked the winding trails of Rice Creek. In her day she was known among her white friends as "Old Mollie". She lived in an old weather-board shack in a little sheltered ravine above where the old Rice schoolhouse once stood years ago. A few wild plum trees and sweetbrier bushes helped to decorate the surroundings. It may be interesting to note when the Rice School District was founded in September 1881, old Mollie's shack served as a school house, with Edith Rice as teacher. The ravine today is remembered as Gangroe Gulch.

Old Mollie was very much interested when she saw the great advantages the Rices were enjoying. She was happy when they were plowing up the rich garden soil along the creek. This new way of living with all the fine food growing in the soil was a great revelation to Old Mollie. She often expressed much appreciation for the large supply of garden truck and fruits the Rices had given to her people.

As the years drifted on, old age overtook her. During her last days on earth she went to the Rices to spend the remainder of her time. It was an Indian tradition to bury their dead any where. When Old Mollie departed this life the Rices and the Willises gave her a decent burial in the little pioneer cemetary on Willis Creek.

The trail is dedicated in "Old Mollie's name,
Records the Indian lore,
But she who trod the mountain path
Will walk it nevermore.

Harrison Rice Dies of Injuries - 1881

Injuries suffered from being thrown from a horse he had ridden to water became frightened and running with him against a barn resulted in the death of Harrison Rice, 65, at the family home on Rice Creek, near Dillard, early February 19th, 1881.

Rice was born in Conway, Massachusetts on August 8, 1816, the son of John and Roxanna Rice. He was married to Martha Ann Willis in Illinois in 1841, and moved with his family from Granville, Illinois, to Douglas County in 1853. Surviving besides the widow were eight children--Sylvester W., and Eva S. of Portland; Mrs. Alice C. Riddle of Riddle; Mrs. Agnes Winston of Winston; Mrs. Della Crawford, Sarah E., Ernest L., Edith E., and one brother, Austin Rice, all of Rice Creek. Several brothers and sisters were living in Illinois.

Graveside funeral services were held in the Willis Creek cemetery at 2 o'clock. The Rev. W. G. Miller of the Dillard Baptist Church conducted the funeral rites.

Note: Martha Ann Rice passed away at her home on Rice Creek on December 9, 1907, age 84 years, 1 month and 18 days. She was buried in the family plot on Willis Creek on December 11, 1907, the Rev. W. G. Miller of the Dillard Baptist Church conducting funeral services.

Fires

FIRE TAKES BARN ON RICE CREEK. FLAMES DESTROY HORSES AND CONTENTS IN EARLY MORNING BLAZE. THE LOSS IS NOT ESTIMATED.

Fires are no strangers to the Rices. The wake of these terrible uninvited visitors have been destructive and a heavy loss down through the years. It is remembered that the Indians burned several farm buildings along with their possessions on December 1, 1885.

Fire swept through a large barn on Rice Creek and destroyed all of its contents. The blaze broke out in the wee hours of the morning during prune harvest time in September about 1896. Before the fire was discovered, the barn was a raging inferno. Those employed in the prune harvest and others on the Rice farm were unable to halt the flames. The origin of the fire is

undetermined, but the volunteer fire fighters prevented the blaze from spreading to the prune drier and other farm buildings. Four horses were tied to the mangers in the stables. They were rushed outside but they ran back into the fire. The fire claimed the lives of three horses but one old white horse escaped to safety. His neck and head were so badly burned that his ears came partly off in healing. Also destroyed were the season's large crop of hay, a binder, and other farm machinery. There was no estimate of damage.

Rice Residence Destroyed by Fire - 1908

FARM HOME AFLAME IN MINUTES. FIREPLACE AND CHIMNEY IS ALL THAT REMAINS IN WAKE OF FIRE THAT DESTROYED DWELLING. CARRIED NO INSURANCE.

A destructive fire which turned the E. L. Rice home into a blazing oven one afternoon in May 1908 was over in a few minutes. It was one of the best-known pioneer ranch homes in the county at the time of its construction. The dwelling was a two-story plastered house and was built in 1877 by Harrison Rice.

The fire was discovered by Della Rice Crawford when the dogs began barking and howling. The blaze broke out on the dry roof, caused by a flying spark. There was fire in the front and in the back. Very little was saved from the blazing structure. The furnishings were lost on the second floor. It was reported that Mrs. Myrtle Rice removed the receiver from the telephone and shouted these words over the party line: "If anyone on the line is in hearing, come at once. Rice's house is on fire."

Mrs. Maude Pickins in Dillard took her receiver off the hook at identically the same time to call someone, when she heard the report. Mrs. Pickens immediately telephoned the fire alarm to the Milledge and Pickens merchandise store where help was summoned.

Otto Parker, Luther Milledge, Jim Noah, Al Thornton and Mr. Ollie Pickens hastily drove to the scene in the Parker's buckboard hack. When they arrived, the dwelling had burned to the ground. The brick fireplace and chimney were left standing where a pile of bleached ashes marked the spot. Neighbors who volunteered their help were able to save other buildings from burning.

Roy Rice jerked the telephone from the wall in the turmoil. It was nailed to a walnut tree where it could be of service to the fire victims. Myrtle Rice still has the old 1908 telephone.

The old house that was built on the Rice place in 1854 was repaired and remodeled for temporary housing until the present dwelling today was constructed and ready for occupancy.

Marriages of Ernest L. Rice

A pretty wedding took place in the Lenox home at Civil Bend, now the McBee place, on Thursday, April 3, 1884, uniting in marriage

Nellie Bolsinger, daughter of Mr. S. D. Bolsinger and Mrs. David Lenox of Civil Bend, and Earnest L. Rice, age 23, of Rice Creek. The nuptial service was performed by the Rev. W. G. Miller of Civil Bend Baptist Church. The bridal couple was attended by Miss Lillie Davlin of Civil Bend and S. C. Miller of Dillard, son of the minister.

Note: Civil Bend was renamed Brockway on November 22, 1889.

To this union were born five children. They were Abner B. Rice, died Jan. 26, 1956; Alton E. Rice of Willis Creek, Dillard; Roy T. Rice of Eugene; Miss Beatrice, now Mrs. Harry Davis of Dillard; and Willis B. Rice, died June 1894, age 4 months. Their mother passed away in February, 1894.

Second Marriage

The marriage of Myrtle Royer and Ernest L. Rice, both of Rice Creek, was scheduled at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Royer, also of Rice Creek, on Wednesday, June 27, 1906. The bride was given in marriage by her father. The impressive ceremony was officiated at noon by the Rev. Rutter, pastor of the North Methodist church in Roseburg. Other members of the wedding party included Miss Laura Mullen and Miss Sophonia Turnell, residents of Roseburg. At the close of the pleasant occasion a lovely dinner was served to the group enjoying the affair.

God blessed Mr. and Mrs. Rice with five daughters and two sons, who were Margaret, now Mrs. Wallace Smiley of Reedsport; Harrison and Douglas of Rice Creek, Dillard; Ethel who married Mason Wiekel and lives at Harrisburg; Eva, Mrs. Ray Wilkinson of Winston; Della, Mrs. Gill Gawler; and Wayo, who is Mrs. Merritt Burt, both of Roseburg.

The bride came west to Roseburg with her parents from Lendon, Indiana, in March, 1890, and moved to Rice Creek in the month of May, 1894.

The bridegroom was born December 30, 1860, on the old Rice Creek homestead where his pioneer parents settled in 1853. His early education was received in the elementary schools of Willis Creek and Civil Bend, now Brockway. He entered a Portland business college in the late 1870's and received his diploma in 1880. Rice was an ordinary scholar but had a wonderful talent for education.

Ernest L. Rice raised a large family of intelligent boys and girls on the same old farm where he spent his happy boyhood days. He was delighted with nature, the great out-of-doors, and was famous in agricultural experiences. In the years allotted him, and they were many, he saw the little mountain valley change from a sparsley peopled frontier settlement to a populous and prosperous community, to which development he contributed greatly. The busy life of Ernest L. Rice came to a close on October 15, 1929.

The Old Home Place Today, 1957

The old Rice home on Rice Creek is one of the oldest landmarks

in the country. Members of the Rice clan have constantly lived on the place for more than a century, 104 years to be exact. There have been many marked changes developed in the way of progress since their day.

When the Rices settled on their claim in 1853, farming and industry had seen but little progress. Generation after generation carried on in the same tradition as their fathers in the same old way, without any new developments. They plowed their fields with oxen or horses, sowed seed by hand, harvested it with scythe and sickle, and threshed it with the flail. Industrial commodities, such as shoes, clothing, furniture and many other things practically were made without the aid of modern machinery. The pioneer mother made clothes with the spinning wheel, churned butter, made cheese, many loaves of bread, made the soap, dried the berries and fruit. The smokehouse was full of hams and bacon, and hives of bees out in the orchard. All of this was in the homespun age.

Since so much was produced at home, the family naturally remained together. The boys learned their father's trade, while the girls stayed home to help their mother with her many household duties until they were married and started the cycle all over again.

It took all day to do a family washing. The task would take place down by the creek, where water was plentiful. The water was heated in a large brass kettle, while mother and the girls did the laundry on a rub-board. When the clothes were dry, it took most of the following day for ironing.

Then came the great age of invention. About the middle of the 19th century, just at time of the invention era which has improved farming and industry because of the inventions of labor-saving machinery. Over three-fourths of the American population lived in the country and only one-fourth in the cities. There were three men on the farm to one in the city. That was the manual age, the age of hand work.

Later on came the era of modern machinery. The gasoline engine, the gangplow, the hay bailer, the reaper, then the binder, the horsepower and steam threshing machine. It required about twelve or fifteen men, and fix or six teams to thresh out a crop of grain. Today, the whole unit is in one reaper, binder, thresher, sacker and all, drawn by one tractor, and operated by two men. Just two men to cut, thresh and sack the grain into bags and even spread the straw back on the land. All the farm work today is being done by the snorting, spewing, gasoline-driven machines.

Then came the automobile, replacing the horse and buggy with its slow mode of travel, which brought paved highways and country roads all over the nation. The electrification of the rural areas created modern homes. We turn on one faucet and it brings forth cold water, the other hot water. The glowing electric lights instead of candles and kerosene lamps, the bathroom and all its modern facilities, the frigidaire and the deep freeze, food-saving gadgets. The radio and television sets furnish amusement and entertainment through the evening.

One of today's most advanced wash day appliances is the automatic washing machine and drier. The dials are set only once and the housewife forgets about the old wash-day drudgery. A large family washing is completed in about an hour, rinsed five or six times, and then spun dry enough for ironing. A bell will ring when the clothes are ready to take out. No more basket carrying, and no more soiled washes by dust and soot. The best of all clothes last longer when dried in a machine, instead of hanging outside on a line. These inventions are now in more than three million homes. This period has been referred to as the Industrial Revolution.

All of these new things that came into existence could not be escaped. Many people who had been occupied on the farm found themselves without a job because of the labor-saving devices. Men and women left the farms to go to the cities to work in the great factories and plants. Within the last half-century the rural population has been completely revised. Whereas fifty years ago over two-thirds lived on the farm, today about one-fourth are engaged in agriculture, and the balance of them in industry. It has been predicted that we are approaching the time when we can manufacture products faster than the world can consume them.

Mrs. Myrtle Rice is now living on the old home place. Her two sons, Harrison and Douglas Rice and their families, are also residing on the extensive holdings.

The members of the Rice clan have aided materially in the development of Douglas County and through their associations, have become one of the best known of the early pioneer families. They have always enjoyed a thrifty and happy life, but they tell us they wouldn't have it any other way.

The old Rice home is nestled among the beautiful timber-clad hills in the fertile, picturesque little mountain valley. It has played a very important drama in early-day history. There is nothing lacking in which to make the old stomping grounds a pleasant place in which to live. The place is well kept and the buildings are substantially constructed. The cool, pleasant groves of myrtle and alders still shade the creek, as they did more than a hundred years ago. Those were the times that were not so peaceable as they are today.

The End

S T O R Y O F T H E K E N T S

by

Sherley Clayton
Dillard, Oregon
June 12, 1957

Story of the Kents

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STORY OF THE KENTS

by

Sherley Clayton
Dillard, Oregon
June 12, 1957

A Short Trip West - 1851

This is a day of remembrance when the living sons and daughters of our American pioneers love to recall the hardships and thrilling experiences of those who lived here before us. The old wagon road route which they traveled from Missouri to reach the western frontier was a distance of more than two thousand miles. The home-seekers, adventurers and trappers, seeking the shores of the sunset sea, mapped out the route over the wind-whipped passes, mountains and sandy deserts.

Early in 1851 a group of restless spirits of Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri began to look toward the becoming mountains of the West, and made plans to locate in a country where storms seldom came, and where the extremes of heat and cold are unknown--the Umpqua Valley in Southern Oregon.

Those who sought their goal toward the setting sun, hoping to better conditions and prolong life, we shall identify as the two Kent families, Robert and Sara Elizabeth Kent, and Lewis Dozier and Nancy Ann Kent. This was a case where two brothers married two Collard sisters. The Kents were Kentuckians. Other members of the company were Ashford and Jerminia (Harper) Clayton and their four-year-old son George Clayton. The Claytons were natives of Ohio, but they were married in Peoria, Illinois, in 1847 where their son was born. Then there were several familes of the Crowes and others.

The spirit of adventure that inspires the travelers to emigrate across the plains does not permit them to foresee danger. Starting when the opening of spring was enlivening all nature in 1851, they bid old Missouri good-bye. New wagons staunchly built and covered with white canvas hoods, stretched tightly over hickory bows, were drawn by several pairs of great brown-eyed oxen and teams of horses, which were well trained for the long journey. The loose stock was taken in charge by the boys and men.

The hoods on the wagons were white and clean at the start, but by the tedious travel they were soon disfigured by spots of grease, and in many places the canvas was damaged by the supporting arches of hickory bows. Heavy log chains, for use in possible emergencies were wrapped around the coupling poles of the wagons. The tar bucket rode on a creaking hook, from which it hung on the rear axle, suspended by an iron bail. The tar was

used to grease the wagon after a hard day's drive.

Visitors, including friends and relatives from far and near, in great arrays, came to witness the separation. At last the wagons were all ranged in line, with every yoke of oxen and team of horses in their places. When the last farewells and last good-byes were spoken, when the last prayer ascended toward heaven--the command had been given by the train's captain to move on.

The caravan in which they were traveling was known as the Bacon Train. It was so named because the government officials believed the hogs were diseased. The immigrants were ordered by the officials to destroy the product to prevent disease. Some of the travelers did discard their bacon but the Kents and the Claytons refused to comply with the government's ruling. They had plenty of bacon to use as long as it existed.

In a few weeks they found themselves travelling through the plains country of Kansas, the home of the hump-backed buffalo, deer and prairie chickens. The feed was plentiful on the Kansas plains. The wagons and tents were staked down every night as long as they were traveling in these treeless, unsheltered bottom lands, as they would have been swept away in case of a storm.

Barring a few common hindrances along the way, everything went well until the caravan reached the Platte River country in Nebraska. The scene here was not so bright as it was in Kansas. There were a few scattering trees in different spots. The only fuel available was buffalo chips and very little grass for the stock. The game was not very plentiful and the fish in the Platte would not bite. Provisions, resembling in quantity the supplies of a small army, were stored in a separate wagon, such as beans, coffee, dried apples, bacon and flour. The women took turns baking mountains of steaming flapjacks over an open campfire, their eyes watery from the smoke and their cheeks reddened by the wind.

The Platte is a large river and in many places it has quicksand bottoms. The river was too deep for fording. The difficult problem to be solved was how the wagon train was to get across. Some of the travelers argued to make a ferry boat out of a wagon box and then ferry everything across, and last swim the stock over. However, they decided to build a bridge over the river. After several weeks of hard labor, the bridge construction was completed. It had been an intensely hot day. Ashford Clayton , then a young man of 26, suggested that the company should vacate camp and move across the river. The majority felt they should rest and relax the remainder of the day and continue the onward march refreshed, early the following morning.

The Flash Flood - 1851

That evening a blackness as black as coal settled all along the Platte River. It was a peculiar darkness. Everything was silent as death and the air was sultry. Suddenly, a blinding flash of sheet lightning followed by others and yet others in succession awoke a rolling, roaring clap of thunder like a cannonball. Hailstones as large as goose eggs fell by the thousands,

displacing the awful silence with a cannonade like unto the heaviest artillery of a great army at war.

The stock became frightened and came very near stampeding. The oxen bellowed, the horses neighed. The women clasped their children in close embrace where they were crouched under the wagons. The children clung to their protectors in silent terror.

The wind blew a terrific gale. The chained wagons rocked like rocking chairs. A story has been told that a number of heavy prairie schooners in a neighboring train up the river had not been anchored to the ground and was capsized, its contents ruined by the hail and rain. Fortunately, no lives were lost. The cattle, oxen and horses, pelted by the rain and hail until their bodies were bruised and bleeding, huddled together around the camp for mutual protection.

The storm did not last very long and ceased as suddenly as it began. The dark clouds drifted away, leaving a blue, starlit night overhead, and in the camp a mass of hail and mud. The Platte, having caught the full fury of a cloudburst a few miles up the river from camp, began rising rapidly, threatening the frightened refugees with a new danger. The shallow banks were high enough to confine the rush of muddy water within an inch or two of the top. If the flood waters had spilled over the bank, the camp would have been completely washed away, thus was averted the horror of a disastrous flood which, had it come, would have completed the destruction of the storm.

The morning after the cloudburst, revealed a scene of desolation. The exciting experience will never be forgotten, but will be handed down to future generations. The bridge which they had spent so many weeks building over the river had been taken out by the flooding waters. The earth in all directions as far as the eye could see had been torn into gulleys by the mad rush of hail and falling rain, each seeking its level in frantic haste. Hailstones lay in heaps, some soiled by the mud, some as clean and fresh as freshly-fallen snow.

Return to Missouri - 1851

The captain of the train as well as many others had remarked on numerous occasions that they would rather die than retrace their steps. Since the bridge was washed away and the Platte River Valley left a quagmire in the wake of the destructive flash flood, the wanderers decided the only sensible plan in view was to return to Missouri for winter headquarters. The delay in replacing the bridge would mean they would not reach the Oregon country before winter. Other returning emigrants along the way had given up the journey as a bad job.

The Bacon Train, as it was known, was back in Missouri in late 1851, where they attempted to make arrangements to set up camp under the circumstances. For shelter, they built log cabins

and with the canvas-covered wagon boxes they kept comparatively comfortable until the opening of spring.

A story has been told many times about an approaching storm when the emigrants were encamped. It is remembered something like this:

One night lights were observed in the sky in the far distance. They resembled northern lights in Siberia, Alaska and Lapland. The streamers of red and blue lights darted hither and thither in the heavens with a rapidity and a brilliance which was seldom seen. 'There will be a storm in a few days," said one of the native sons. "A cold spell always comes after these lights."

A large supply of wood and thick bark was sledded to the camp by the oxen. The following morning the sky was overcast and the weather turned cold. At first the mercury dropped to zero; then it went down to ten degrees below, then 20, and finally 30. The severely cold weather continued for many days and then developed into a thew and then it began snowing about sundown. Experiencing all kinds of weather, but the warm sunshine--then came sudden gales, sleet, wind and fierce squalls, without warning, and disappeared in the same mysterious way. The dark fir trees roared around the camp.

The grass was hidden underneath the snow. Cottonwood trees were cut down for the hungry stock for browsing. Despite the cold weather with snow and gales, the campers and their stock survived the winter. There is more yet to the story. One of the old-timers of the company recalled when he was sleeping soundly tucked away comfortably in his feather bed, he dreamed of gathering peaches on a hot August afternoon back home.

A new start - 1852

The long winter finally came to an end with the opening of spring. The scenery was beautiful with the pussy willows decorating the marshy edges, and the birds singing in the budding tree tops. The sick folks were all well, and the stock was in fine condition from an abundance of feed.

Preparations were beginning to shape up for the long trek. Oregon was a long way off, more than two thousand miles through unsettled country, wild beasts and hostile Indians. A few of the emigrants suggested it would be better to leave well enough alone and remain where they would be comfortable. "A six or eight month journey across an untracked continent with ox teams and white hooded wagons, will not be like a summer picnic", they said. Others in the group explained these experiences would come only one day at a time and they felt they could endure the hardships. It would be like a whipping, they all agreed, but it wouldn't be so bad when it was all over and quit hurting.

The Oregon Donation Land Law was passed by Congress about that time, and some day this new law will be removed from the Statutes.

U. S. Senators in the far east are already urging its repeal. They had time even starting by then, to get in on the ground floor. A square mile of land is 640 acres, and 640 acres is a square mile. The husband and wife would be entitled to 320 acres each. They wouldn't be dealing justice with their children if the opportunity was permitted to slip by. There will be no mortgages out there to eat up the interest, and no diseases of any kind. The best of all will be a big pile of wood by the front gate. There will be plenty of land to make a large farm for every child, and it won't cost a red cent to have and to hold it. Then on the other hand there was a large area of public lands. The price of these lands in the 1850's was $1.25 per acre in order to get them under cultivation. They will be living in a warmer climate, and in a snug cabin home out West among the evergreen trees. The company was then inspired by the western fever, and the forward march was on.

A new member joined the caravan when Harriet C. Clayton was born to the Clayton family on March 25, 1852, while encamped in Missouri. Along about April 20 they made a new start for the far-away West with an ox wagon train with many families--and what an exciting day! To those left behind, the undertaking seemed to them as foolhardy as would have been an attempt to reach the North Pole in a balloon.

A few weeks later the long string of wagons reached the Platte River country in Nebraska again. They did not stop to set up camp or to build a bridge over the river as they had done a year before, but located a fording place up the river from the washed-out bridge site.

The Platte is a broad, lazy, milky sheet of silt-thickened water with a quicksand bottom. The day was hot as a furnace. The wagon beds were hoisted to the tops of their standards to keep them from taking water. At a given signal they were all plunged pell mell into the quicksand, over which teams, wagons and drivers were compelled to move quickly to avoid a catastrophe.

The women and children suffered from constant fear because of the quicksand, and the danger that some of them might be drowned in the event the wagons mired down or upset. It took some time to ford the stream, but they reached the opposite bank without an accident. The emigrants camped that night near an old buffalo wallow, where they found clearer water than that of the Platte but were cautioned not to use the water until it was boiled.

The Cholera - 1852

Cholera is an epidemic everywhere along the trail. Many wagon trains were attacked and the travelers were seriously alarmed. It is a filth disease caused from eating cold victuals after long exposure to the cholera-laden air and by drinking unboiled water. It is quite common on the plains where the buffalo and other range animals make their homes. Millions of germs are in the fertilizer on the plains. They inhabit the soil as well as the air.

Those who have fallen victim to the scourage have a thumping headache, accompanied by a high fever and severe chills. The patient has a tired, run-down feeling with a complete loss of appetite. The disease is contracted more often during warm weather than at any other time. About the only comfort available to the patient is to lie on the prized feather bed in the covered wagon box. It helps to bear the rough jolting over the rough road.

A story has been told in regard to a young physician travelling with the wagon train. He wasn't a professional but he did carry a marvelous supply of medicines, the demand for which grew rapidly as the cholera spread. The medical supplies became alarmingly scarce as the demand increased, but his patience was wonderful. No cholera-stricken victim was refused aid who applied for it. Inasmuch as the young man was well-versed in the complaint, he was given scarcely any time to eat or sleep. The young medical adviser had cautioned the entire wagon train how to save themselves from taking the horrible disease. He advised against eating stale or uncooked food and drinking surface water or water from the streams before it had been boiled. All companies should be broken into small trains and kept as far apart as possible. The disease is contagious and the germs can be contacted by eating and drinking. Do not travel in the heat of the day, but rest in a shady spot. Don't be afraid of the Indians or anything else. The greatest enemy of mankind is fear. But despite these precautions, the cholera continued its ravages.

Shortly after the caravan passed Fort Bridger in the east central part of Vinta County of Wyoming, the Claytons fell victims to the nasty complaint. George Clayton, the four-year-old son of the stricken and bereaved family, departed his life on Decoration Day in 1852. The mother lingered a number of days between life and death but finally regained her strength.

It is a sad, solemn and sacred thing to be with the dead, but to be out on the American plains, miles and miles from civilization, in such an hour, is an experience the desert travelers have to meet as best they can. The body is prepared for burial, and such a burying! They had no lumber from which to make even a a rough box; nothing but their daily clothing and a quilt or two was to be had. The unlined grave was more than usually forbidding. The desert demon had trailed the body and was now sawllowing it up.

The following morning the child was laid to rest in a lonely grave in the shade of a small juniper tree by the wayside, while the saddened travelers sang a hymn. The covered wagon train rolled slowly on while the little one had found the sunrise land.

Arrival in Oregon City - 1852

Everything went smoothly after the caravan left Wyoming. Day after day through the blistering summer heat of the plains, the wagons toiled and creaked their way toward the west. The oxen, though slow, were the most dependable draft animal on the trail.

Their tireless pace brought the wagons through about as soon as those drawn by horses and mules, and they stood the trip much better.

Toward the end of the western trek, the train came to the Cascade Mountains in Oregon, going by way of the old Barlow Pass. This was the most dreaded section along the entire route. It was established by Samuel K. Barlow in October 1845, and could only be traveled in the summer after the snow melted. The hills were so steep that snap teams had to be hitched to the wagon tongues to help pull the heavy vehicles to the top. In some places there were rock cliffs in the trail. The wagons had to be broken apart, unloaded, let down over the precipices with block and tackle, and re-assembled below.

Misfortune again came to the Claytons. They lost their choice oxen while traveling through this mountainous country. It was never recalled what happened to the animal but it could have fallen over a rocky cliff or it could have eaten some poisonous rhodendron along the way. The oxen was replaced by the Clayton's milch cow.

After being miles and miles away from the cholera-laden air where a great number of the travelers were taken by the disease, the yellow fever suddenly hit the train. Harriett Clayton, the only child of the Claytons, was a victim of the complaint. She died on September 12, 1852, when almost six months old, and was buried in the mountainous region.

After six months of patient plodding, through the plains, valleys and over the mountains, their firm faith carried them into Oregon City on the first day of October 1852. It was with profound honor, for the weary emigrants and their teams that they should enjoy a few days rest before the last lap of their journey southward was resumed.

Oregon City was only a trading post in those days, consisting of a post office, a few stores and a Methodist Church. This was the only important place the travelers could buy needed supplies and receive help. The boats came that far, but there were no railroads or waterways in the south suitable for transportation. The only way was by wagon.

The history of Oregon City reverts further back than the date when the first wagon train arrived, coming through the mountains. It was the year of 1829 when Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company had filed for his government donation land claim and built the first log cabin on the site. Being dissatisfied with the fur trade, the doctor began thinking in terms of a town with the arrival of settlers coming to the area. Soon he managed to sell a few lots and the beginning of a town was sure. He worked hard to achieve this dream. In 1842 the site for a town was founded. The name chosen was Oregon City. The former one was Willamette Falls, named by the Methodist missionaries of 1840.

Oregon City was the capital of the Oregon Territory until Salem won the title in 1852.

The Claytons stopped at the Steve Roberts home in Clackamas about twelve or fifteen miles north of Oregon City for a couple of months. They were neighbors when they lived in Illinois. Steve Roberts was a man of great energy and ability, a man of fine appearance, generous and well-liked. The Roberts crossed the plains from Illinois to Oregon earlier, settling at Clackamas where the Claytons found them.

The couple was treated with the greatest kindness while at the Roberts' place. They were furnished all the fresh fruit and vegetables they could eat free of charge. This was a wonderful treat for tired and hungry people after enduring thetrials and tribulations on the plains for several months. Roberts persuaded the Claytons to abandon their plans about going to the Umpqua Valley but to stake out a claim in Clackamas County.

The Roberts outfitted the couple, which was the policy of the old days. When their weary spirits were revived, the journey was continued shortly after Christmas. So it was they finally arrived in the area known as Coles Valley on February 23, 1853. Here they took up a land claim of 320 acres where they established a home. In a few years, as they prospered, additional land was added to their acreage. Some of the fruit trees the Claytons planted in their day are still producing delicious fruit.

Unfortunately, they were a little late to file on 640 acres. The Oregon Land Law had been changed to 320 acres. The Kents and the Claytons would have arrived in Oregon in the fall of 1851 but they attributed the delay to the flash flood and the bridge wash-out on the Platte River in Nebraska. A large family of eleven children was reared at the old Coles Valley home. None survives today.

How Homesites were Selected - 1852

Kent Brothers Went to Top of Mountains - Saw Beautiful Valley Below. Land Claims, Public Lands, Homesteads Offered to Settlers. Public Lands $1.25 Acre. Selected their Homes. Predicted a Railroad Would Go Through Valley Some Day.

The next day after the two Kent families arrived in the Umpqua Valley west of Dillard, it was the setting of a bright November day. They camped where a sparkling spring of water gushed from the side of a hill known as the Lamb place. Kent Creek was later named for them. From their camp site they saw a large mountain gazing peacefully down upon a beautiful western valley. Its slopes were barren, with only a few trees here and there.

The Kent brothers, Robert and Lewis Dozier Kent, climbed to the top of this mountain (Mt. O'Bette). It was here on the summit where they leisurely laid out their future plans. The sky

was bright overhead and at its base went rippling merrily toward the sea. From the mountain peak they had a wonderful view of the whole countryside. What a picturesque scene--the "Paradise of the West". While feasting their eyes down upon the valley, the Kent brothers were able to select their claims and where they would build their homes, preferably on a hill or a knoll. They had lived in the bottom lands in Kentucky and Missouri, and they knew the destruction floods could bring. Many logs had covered the Dillard bottom, washed there by the recent high water.

"We may not live to see the day", said the brothers, "but a railroad will build through this part of the country sometime. It will compete with the old slow way of travel, the stage coaches and freight wagons, and will cripple their industry.. Towns like Chicago will spring up along the road--will make plenty of business and no telling what will happen. A church bell and school bell will be heard over this valley some day. What a busy, bustling world this will be!"

After viewing the valley from the mountain, the Kent brothers knew where they would settle and build their permanent homes. Under the Oregon Donation Land Act passed by Congress, Lewis Dozier Kent took up ½ square mile of land, or 320 acres. F. D. Coon is the present owner. There have been 75 acres added to the holdings since then.

Our vast areas of public lands in the Umpqua Valley had a large experience upon making history and increasing population. These lands were offered for sale by the U. S. Government for very small sums in order to get them under cultivation. To promote further settlement, the government in 1841 changed its policy of selling these lands for public revenue to the system called pre-emption.

Nancy Ann Kent, wife of Lewis Dozier Kent, purchased 40 acres of this land commonly known as the Reding place at the junction of the Kent Creek-Dillard-Brockway cut-off roads. Their son, Benton Kent, took possession of the forty acres lying east of his mother's acreage adjoining the river. The Mt. O'Bette Lumber Company is situated on the latter tract. These two parcels of public land were sold by the U. S. Government for the low price of $1.25 an area, upon condition the respective buyers occupy and cultivate them. Some years later, Annie Kent, their daughter, acquired the two tracts including a total of 80 acres.

Times have brought about many changes and much progress since the days the Kents located in the Umpqua Valley in 1852. According to records and deeds, Ellington Rockwell sold this same old pioneer landmark in 1934 to Basil Smith for $6500, averaging $711.25 per acre, compared with $1.25 an area many years ago. Historical Mt. O'Bette with her famous Indian legend is located on the old Kent-Reding place.

Easy as these terms were, more liberal ones were desired. The early settlers living in the West believed that the land belonged to all the people and that the U. S. Government should grant

free homes on the western frontier. Finally, after much debate, Congress passed in 1862 during the Lincoln administration, the Homestead Act.

Robert Kent settled on 160 acres of land under the Squatters Right Act, which is known today by the old-timers as the John Lamb place. When the Homestead Act was passed in 1864, this permitted Kent, on condition of actual settlement, to secure this 160 acres free of payment, except a small fee for legal expenses. The method proved very successful in creating new communities, thereby increasing the value of the lands.

Mt. O'Bette Named: 1852

MOUNTAIN HAS HAD THREE NAMES: MT. OBEDAH, MT. OBEN, MT. O'BETTE. BIBLE NAME PREFERRED. YOUNG MEN CELEBRATED JULY FOURTH ON SUMMIT. WHISKEY RESPONSIBLE FOR CHANGING MOUNTAIN'S NAME. INDIAN TITLE WON. INDIANS TRADED DAUGHTER TO GREASY JOHN FOR DEER SKINS. RICE CHILDREN INTERESTED IN TRADE.

How did the mountain get its name? What is the proper spelling and what is the correct pronunciation. Everyone wonders when they see the historical old mountain with its background of early Indian legends, beaming down upon the entire valley. This is the story of Mt. O'Bette.

Before the two Kent brothers departed from the mountain peak, they felt it should have a name. The brothers were religious, being members of the Hardshell Baptist. For that reason they believed a name should be selected from the Holy Scriptures. Mt. Nebo, a Bible name, was in the offing, but as the mountain in Roseburg carried the title, they decided to choose a different one. They reversed the spelling of "Nebo" and named the mountain at Dillard "Mt. Oben". Thus in November of 1852 the historic old mountain was honored with a name.

A few years later a group of young men went to the summit of Mountain Oben to celebrate the Fourth of July. They took their picnic lunch along with a keg of whiskey packed to the top on a mule. During their festivities, the celebrants conducted a round table discussion and voted unanimously to give the mountain a new name. They re-named it Mt. O'Bette in honor of an old Indian chief living in the vicinity of the mountain by the name of O'Bette. Other stories have been handed down by many older timers, not surviving, that old Red Chief O'Bette is buried somewhere on the mountain. From that day to this the mountain has been known as Mt. O'Bette, not "Mt. Bette".

The story has been recalled many times by Alice Kent Gage, a daughter of Lewis Dozier Kent. According to the late Mrs. Gate, the Kents of that day resented the change.

Another story appearing in the News-Review, Roseburg, on July 31, 1952, reveals this legend. "Run-away Umpqua Indian

gives "Oh Bettie" its name", reported by the late Della Rice-Crawford, a member of the early pioneer Rice family. Quoted from the News-Review, the legend leads off this way:

"My parents came to Rice Creek in 1853, and the Indians had named the mountain before that time. My brother, Sylvester Rice, spelled the name O-b-e-d-a-h. The Indians said it was named for one of their tribe who was killed in a fight between the Umpquas and the Shastas. Obedah's daughter, a beautiful Indian girl, wanted a Boston name, and some of our folks told her that Bettie was a good name. From that day on she called herself Bettie.

"The Umpquas, her people, had sold or traded her to a young man of a Willamette tribe. Bettie either did not like him or she did not want to go away from her folks, so when he came she ran away and hid on Mt. Obedah. The young man and her people hunted for her three or four days but could not find her.

"They would call 'Oh, Bettie,' 'Oh, Bettie.' Finally, the young man went back to the Willamette tribe. Then Bettie came home to her people and told them where she had hid herself. She said she heard them calling but thought they were just calling to the mountain.

"A few years later her folks sold her to a Myrtle Creek Indian for an old horse. Bettie went home with him, but he had other wives and she did not like him, so she ran away, waded the river and came home.

"The Indian came to look for her and since she could not go home with him, he took the horse back.

"Still later, there was a big, fat Indian the whites named Greasy John. Now we children were very much interested in this trade for we were right there when her folks sold or traded her to Greasy John for a big lot of deer skins that had been tanned and were called buckskins. It seems as if Bettie liked Greasy John. Anyway , she lived with him until he was killed during the Indian wars, 1855-56.

After awhile the Umpqua Indians were moved to the reservation near Grants Pass. Bettie came to visit at our house once after that and mother bought a big basket from her. Years later, an Indian woman we all liked named Mollie said Bettie had married a white man and that the Indians called him a Sunday man. There are quite a lot of folks call the mountain "Oh, Bettie", also known as "Mt. Bette".

Note: "The American Encyclopedia" on Indian genealogy has identified the O'Bettes as an Indian tribe, members of the powerful Umpquas and related to the Callapooias. They inhabited the forest regions in the Umpqua Valley before the white man.

Another tribe, the O'Belles, natives of Wallowa County, Oregon. Mt. O'Belle is named for Chief O'Belle.

Robert Kent Builds a Home - 1853

The Kents were all too busy the first winter after their arrival to do much hunting, although game was plentiful, especially wildfowl such as geese, ducks, swan and cranes. All seemed to make their feeding ground along the river during the winter and later in the springtime blue grouse were in abundance. Their houses must be built, rails must be split and hauled by oxen to fence the fields. Plowing must be done and the crops planted. The boys and girls of the two Kent familes had plenty of work to do.

The mild winter months had come to a close and the spring of 1853 with all its beauty had arrived. Rapid changes, improvements upon the rich soil and an open winter made the time pass quickly in the promised land. The stock which were driven across the plains the previous year were all slick and fat.

The Kents brought their construction ideas from back home. As family roots became established in the new western country and wealth was accumulating, these early adventurers had to build new homes--structurally sound and handsome according to their ability, the hard way.

In those days there was only one small sawmill powered by steam, which was located around Canyonville. There were no roads, only trails through the wilderness. Material for two dwellings must be obtained. The Kent brothers walked to Canyonville to make arrangements for the much-needed supplies. Here, they purchased enough lumber for their two houses at $4 or $5 per thousand, along with some windows at a low cost.

It might be well to explain for the benefit of some of our people today the manner in which these two American pioneers delivered a consignment of building material for a couple of dwelling houses, a distance of approximately 25 miles in an unsettled country where roads and transportation did not exist.

Luck was with them. A spring freshet had washed down a large number of logs and lodged them along the river near the mill site. The brothers hauled them ashore and sawed them into proper lengths which they made into rafts. They loaded their building supplies onto the rafts, fastened them together, and started floating them down the current of the river. In a few days of drifting the Kents and their loaded rafts were anchored safely where Kent Creek joined the river below Dillard.

The Robert Kents built their house upon the side of a hill in front of a cool spring of water that gushed from the hillside. The old homestead is tucked away in a snug little valley they called home, and is hemmed in by gently rolling hills. The South Umpqua River in the distance, plenty of rainfall, and the rich soil all went to make up a picturesque scene. Much of their building supplies were yet growing in the virgin timber about them. This is the Big Country where distances are deceiving and there are lots of open spaces in every direction.

Many old-timers have lived on the old Robert Kent homestead since the days of 1852. If all their memories with their Indian legends could be compiled, it would make a large and interesting book.

Note: Robert Kent was born in Kentucky in 1801, and died on the old homestead place, October 13, 1875. Buried in the old John Cox burying ground two days later. Remains transferred to the newly organized Civil Bend cemetary on December 5, 1877. Sarah Elizabeth Kent passed away at the old home in 1895.

Early Day Charivari - 1884

Here is the story of the first charivari in the Dillard valley that took place on the old Robert Kent homestead many years ago. If the green hill looking down upon the dwelling could speak to us, it could tell quite a thriller on that noisy February night, but such a miracle would be out of the question. The story is remembered this way:

Just as sure as a couple got married they were charivarid. The bride expected it and the groom knew it, and the young folks of the neighborhood did it. When a young couple started going together they would generally continue their company until marriage. Matrimony was not hastily contracted or consummated. Quite often a courtship would last three or four years. A young couple was supposed to have a substantial start in life before entering wedlock. This start might consist of a team, wagon, harness, saddle, a cow, two or three pigs in the pen, and an old hen or two with a group of chickens, some farming implements and a piece of rented land. Honeymoons were almost unknown in those days.

The couple in this story were Tom Alexander, 28, and Susan Rose Walker, 21, well-known in the Dillard community. They were united in holy wedlock at the Van Houten House in Roseburg on February 8, 1884. Then they returned to their home on the old Kent homestead that day. Preparations were immediately started for some sort of entertainment for the crowd of young hoodlums who were sure to be on hand for the noise-making. The rioters were expected on the second night of the marriage, but by a surprise they appeared on the scene ahead of schedule.

The participants in the charivari slipped up on the old homestead house that harbored the bride and groom as sly as old Tabby when she gets ready to pounce upon a mouse. Not the least sound of voice or foot was permitted by the chosen captain. Each one in the rollicking crowd carried some kind of a device to make plenty of noise. Gathering closely about the dwelling, at some word or sign from the leader, the late hour excitement broke loose. Old wash boilers, cowbells, shotgun blasts and shrieks and yells from the hoodlums broke upon the midnight stillness, which would have frightened the gangsters themselves.

All of this racket aroused the couple from their slumbers. During the excitement their only lamp chimney got knocked off the

lamp and was broken. The cheerful fire in the old rock fireplace drove out the darkness the remainder of the night.

When the bride and groom made a hasty appearance, the noise ceased immediately. If there had been any hesitation, the tumult would have increased. If the couple had refused to appear, the rowdies would then begin to rip boards from the house. Stories have been told that some newly-married couples who possessed a cranky attitude would hold out for some time. When this would happen, the charivari crowd would become much worse. The couple never gained a victory.

There were about 20 or 25 rioters invited into the house, which was always the case. They became real ladies and gentlemen in their behavior. Then came the treats--pie, cake and coffee prepared by the bride. The groom offered cigars. Young men of those days were not in the habit of smoking cigars, but they were not refused. Their tobacco using was mostly in chewing the weed.

After an hour or so of good-natured visiting, the group heartily congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Alexander. They returned to their respective homes in the wee hours of the morning feeling the occasion had been well spent.

The Arrival of the Lambs - 1905

It is remembered by some of the older residents of today that Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lamb and children, Floyd, Ruth and Glen of Halsey, Oregon, bought the place from William Floyd. They moved on to it in the spring of 1905. The Lambs came to Halsey from Mapleton, Iowa in 1902.

In 1922, Lamb had the old landmark razed to make way for a new dwelling. It had provided shelter and comfort to many familes for 69 years. The timbers of the old house had been hewn with a broad-axe and fastened together with wooden pegs. Square-cut nails were used in the construction of the building. When the house was torn down, many of the old nails were as good as new and did not show any signs of rust. The finished lumber in the dwelling was all hand-dressed.

After residing on the old Kent homestead for 20 years, the Lambs sold the old home and moved to the Willamette Valley. John Lamb passed away in California where they were living in 1941. The Lambs were well-known in Douglas County. Their old holdings are more commonly designated today by the older residents as the Lamb place.

The Silky Dogwood Discovered

The Charles A. McCord family moved on to the Robert Kent place in the spring of 194? after McCord was discharged from the Navy. All of the barns and sheds were in rundown condition. Mr. McCord, who is a part-time farmer and carpenter, is tearing down the old buildings and replacing them with new ones where needed. He

raises sheep and cattle but does no other farming. The place is seeded to permanent pasture grasses. There are many springs to supply a constant flow of water the year around for the livestock. The spring that supplied the first settlers is still supplying the present owners with water at the house. Today the old orchard Robert Kent set out on the hillside is still bearing fruit.

A small clump of trees, growing near one of the springs, aroused the curiosity of the present owners. They were like no other trees on the place. Mr. C. E. Moyer, nurseryman of Dillard, was asked to identify them. He was unable to do so--said he had never seen anything like them, but thought they might be of the dogwood family. He finally identified the tree in an encyclopedia as the Silky Dogwood, the aristocrat of dogwoods. Of particular interest is the fact that the tree is a native of the Atlantic Coast and growing as far west as Tennessee. It is surmised that the Kents might have brought seeds or saplings with them when they settled here in late 1852. They could have taken root anywhere on the place or in the surrounding hills and never have been noticed. In the following years of their growth it is quite possible that birds could have dropped the seeds around the spring or perhaps they were carried there by a breeze.

Stories have been told many times when the Arringtons arrived in this valley from New York more than a century ago; they brought with them from their native state some sweetbrier seed. The sweetbrier is a member of the rose family. The variety was unknown in Oregon in those days. Soon after their arrival, the Arringtons had a death in their family. The sweetbrier seeds were planted around the grave. When the bushes grew up, the birds and the winds scattered the seeds hither and yonder. Today the country is well supplied with the sweetbrier, or the wild rose bush. The same thing could have happened in regard to the silky dogwood, but not on such a large scale as with the sweetbrier.

The Dillard nurseryman sent to Tennessee for some of the saplings and after they are well rooted will offer them for sale. The McCords are curious to know if anyone living in this area has any of these beautiful trees growing. If such is the case, they will be glad to know where they came from. It will always remain a mystery how the stranger of the Atlantic seaboard found its way to the spring in the Umpqua Valley.

The Lewis Dozier Kent Home - 1853

It was in the springtime of 1853 that the Lewis Dozier Kents began construction of their new house on their land claim. The site was on a little round knoll above the creek's mouth, overlooking the Dillard Valley, then the house of Rev. John M. Dillard, 1851 settlers. A large spreading black oak tree stood in the front yard, and a white oak in the rear, along with an ashbin to save the ashes for home-made soap.

The dwelling was quite roomy with an upstairs and a lean-to kitchen, and a pantry added. The heating was provided by a brick

fireplace in the living room. It was generously windowed to let in plenty of light. There were eight windows in all, with four and six panes in each sash. The roof was of hand-made shakes, and the sills and other timbers were dressed down with a broad-axe and fastened together with wooden pins made of oak. The Kents thought it was the nicest house ever, and indeed it was a mansion for that day.

In addition to other buildings, there was a long narrow shed on the place which is not seen on our farms today. This is what they called the bee shed, sheltering about five or six hives of bees. Then the Kents had a 12x10 smokehouse where they smoked their bacon and hams, and also venison, aided by a little sunshine. The smoke houses are now only a memory.

In those days the mail was brought from the states by the overland stage coaches to San Francisco. From there it was sent by water to Scottsburg and packed into the Southern Oregon country on horses and mules. When a boat came in there would be mail and news from back home. Papers and magazines were not very plentiful. When a sufficient quantity was accumulated, they were used to cover up the bare walls in the new Kent household. The nearest post office was originally known as Deer Creek, ten or twelve miles away. Within a few years the frontier trading post took on the name of its founder and became Roseburg.

The first school in this part of the country opened its doors in the spring of 1855. The new district was created the previous year. It was a little log hut in a backwoods settlement at the confluence of a creek. This was known as the Crystal Creek School District 14. In a few years the tributary on which the school was located was re-named Rice Creek, honoring the first settlers.

Here the Kent girls, Henrietta, Lucinda, Annie, Mary and Virginia began their early education with William Willis as their teacher. There was no choice of text books in those days. Each child brought with him whatever his folks could find that contained the rudiments of knowledge.

The little frontier school has uncovered quite a legend of historical background within the last few years. A story has been recalled about the Rogue River and Cow Creek Indians applying the torch to the building on December 1, 1855, the day they made a sneak attack on the Rices, a mile up the creek.

The Kent dwelling stood on the little round knoll for almost a century. The old landmark, one of the oldest in the county up to that time, was mysteriously dynamited on a March night in 1948. It had been in constant occupancy since 1853. All the other buildings are gone now except the smoke house.

Election of Sheriff - 1854

It was not until January 7, 1852 that the Territorial

Legislature slashed into Lane County and established Douglas County. Lane had originally included all of Southern Oregon with the exception of old Umpqua County.

An election was scheduled when Douglas County was five months old. Henry Jacquith was elected sheriff on the first Monday in June 1852. The county seat was then Winchester. Eventually, in 1862, Douglas County absorbed Umpqua County.

The election in June 1854 in Douglas County for sheriff was won by a very small margin. James P. Day was elected over Lewis Dozier Kent by five or six votes. It was found that irregularities existed in the Cow Creek precinct where Day resided. The votes in that precinct were thrown out when it was determined that Day was living over the line in Josephine County. Therefore, he could not qualify for the office. The decision was handed down by the Hon. Judge C. M. P. Deady of Roseburg. On September 30, 1854, the appointment of Kent was contested by James P. Day.

At a special term of the County Commissioners in 1853, Kent was appointed sheriff. He was the second to hold the office in Douglas County. The appointment was signed by the chairman, W. D. A. Bryant. Kent resigned in 1855. He was succeeded by James P. Day.

Democratic Meeting - 1854

In accordance with a public call, the citizens of Southern Douglas County met in Myrtle Creek on Saturday, August 12, 1854, to take into consideration the decision of Judge Deady in the case of a contested election between James P. Day and Lewis Dozier Kent. John T. Boyle acted as chairman and Sam P. Strang, Secretary. It was the opinion of the meeting that the throwing out of Cow Creek precinct was contrary to the wishes of the majority of legal voters. They felt it was an act of prejudice and that all honorable means should be taken to have Judge Deady removed from office. The purpose of the meeting failed to mature. The Judge established a noted reputation for his ability in Oregon. Deady Hall at the University of Oregon was named for him.

Kent Military Station - 1855

During the Indian wars of 1855 and 1856 in Southern Oregon, Governor George Curry of the Oregon Territory ordered military stations established where there was hostility among the Indians. Lt. Col. W. J. Martin was in command of the forces in the northern battalion. Kellogg was the military headquarters.

Kent Station was a military post of sorts during these Indian disturbances. It was located on the Lewis Dozier Kent land claim on Ten Mile Prairie. The location was over the hill back of the old Kent house. The Indians had kept all the underbrush burned slick and clean. The military post was established on two or three hundred acres of practically level ground, resembling a

prairie. The distance was about ten miles from Roseburg, hence the name. Its purpose was the protection of early settlers in the Civil Bend country. Where a military post stood more than 100 years ago there are now stock barns, grazing land and cross fences. It is about a mile and half west of Dillard.

Early in December a band of Cow Creek and Rogue River Indians were very hostile toward the white settlers. Their chief destruction was burning buildings and pilfering of homes. There were Indian battles all over southern Oregon. On December 21, 1855, Captain W. W. Chapman, an Elkton attorney, was ordered to Kent Station in Ten Mile Prairie with a regiment of thirty Douglas County volunteers. They were occupied in escorting trains and travelers through danger zones and providing protection for families in the Civil Bend area with sufficient force to render them safe.

Ft. Gage was located about a mile north of Kent Station on the Joseph Gage land claim (Nichols' place, Brockway) across the road from the present residence of the late Lillie Davlin. The barricade was made of huge logs with port holes. Whenever an Indian alarm was given, the people for miles around, mostly women and children, would run to Ft. Gage for protection against the besiegers.

Lewis Dozier Kent Drowns - 1857

As great an asset as the South Umpqua River was to her early settlers, she had her cruel and wicked ways as well. The river had no respect for human life. Here is a brief sketch, an instance of tragedy which is embedded in Dillard's history.

During the winter of 1857, one of the children in the Lewis Dozier Kent family became very ill. On a bleak January day, Kent went to Roseburg to get some medicine for the sick child. There were no roads nor bridges in the country in those days, only trails and fords across the streams.

While returning home in late afternoon, the eager family saw him in the far distance. He was riding along one of the ridges of Roberts Mountain below where Dillard is presently located. The mountain was barren of trees then. Kent had to ford the river to reach his home. The water was high and swift currents washed his horse from under him. His family stood helplessly in the yard by the old house and watched him disappear in the muddy water of the South Umpqua River.

Both the horse and rider were drowned in the afternoon of January 22, 1857. This was the first tragedy to strike the pioneer family in the new land. Kent was born in Kentucky on September 9, 1813. Incidentally, this was the third drowning in a twenty-day period, less than two miles apart. The twin drownings of Lyman B. Gilliland and Sarah Elizabeth Willis in Lookingglass at Brockway on January 2, 1857, were related in the "Story of the Rices".

Hops, First Dillard Gardens - 1880's

The hop industry was very profitable all through the '80's. There were about twelve acres planted in the river bottom on the Lewis Dozier Kent place. The harvest season provided employment for many families in the valley. A large myrtle grove on the river bank made a splendid camping ground for the pickers. The grove still stands.

Hops were also grown on the John M. Dillard farm across the river in Dillard. The Dillards owned a large hop drier where other growers would take their hops to be dried. When the industry was discontinued, the old hop drier was remodeled and used for a church and a school.

Annie Kent, daughter of Lewis Dozier Kent, was the owner of this land at this time. Miss Kent taught school in Douglas County and in the Pacific Northwest for more than 40 years. She sold the old home in the fall of 1909 to G. S. Clayton and G. B. Hayes of Roseburg; the Claytons lived there for 32 years.

The Old Kent Place in 1957

F. D. Coon has owned the old Lewis Dozier Kent farm since June 1948. It had been vacant for over six years and was in a rundown condition. Sweebrier and brush had overgrown all the farm land and the fences had gradually fallen to pieces. With Angora goats to eat the brush and modern machinery to clean the land, the entire ranch was cleared. Fences and cross fences were installed and new stock and hay barns built. The green pastures and creek bottoms are now as neat as most of our city parks.

Six years ago, F. D. Coon visited George E. Webb of Condon, Oregon, who owns a large cattle ranch of 12,000 acres in that vicinity. Here, he bought 20 head of white-faced Hereford cattle. The herd now consists of 70 head. A large crop of calves is scheduled to start every year and always continues for two months. The river bottom **where** the first Dillard gardens were planted is now producing alfalfa instead of hops.

F. D. Coon has lived in Dillard and vicinity all of his life and has spent many years as a successful truck gardener. He and his wife are both well known for home building and good farming. The couple are making plans to build a modern home on the knoll where the old Kent landmark stood for so many years.

And so more than a century has brought about many changes. What will the next century bring? It would be as difficult to answer as it would have been to foresee the old home place as it is today. If the Kents could come back from the land from which no traveler shall ever return, they would observe that the little frontier valley which they once called home has blossomed into a modern civilization.

The End

The Story of Grant S. and Eva E. Clayton

by

Sherley Clayton
Dillard, Oregon
Sep. 20, 1957

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DAYS OF OLD RECALLED BY LATE GRANT S. AND EVA E. CLAYTON. EARLY DAY LIFE WAS RUGGED. DID BIT OF EVERYTHING. EVA SPENT MANY BUSY YEARS. FLOWERS HER HOBBY. CLAYTONS NOTED FOR GARDENING ABILITY. GARDEN TRUCK FAMOUS ON WESTERN MARKETS. DESCENDANTS OF EARLY PIONEERS.

A good deal of our state's history developed in this county where our pioneers played a worthy part in laying the foundation. Their children and their children's children are carrying on worthily. Well-known among some of the early settlers of the Dillard Valley are Grant and Eva Clayton, now deceased. A few of their many stories of the olden days have been remembered which are listed in the foregoing article, Although Grant and Eva Clayton need no introduction, it may be well to identify the couple.

Grant S. Clayton was the eleventh child of a large family of 13 children, having been born on the old home place in Coles Valley, Oregon, of pioneer parents, Ashford and Jerminia Clayton, on August 1, 1869.

A risky legend has been revealed many times by the Claytons which could have resulted in a terrible drowning tragedy. The story may be hard to believe by the people of today, but this is the way it happened:

Mary Clayton, the eldest child of the Claytons, the first one born in Oregon in 1854, was married to Alex Fabrique in the 1860's. They had a little baby girl 18 months old. According to the story handed down through the years, it appears as if a contagious epidemic had broken out in the Clayton household. Mary and the youngster had gone to the home of her uncle Joss Clayton, who lived on a large farm on the opposite side of the Umpqua River in Coles Valley. A few days later in her uncle's home, word was received that Mary's young husband had fallen victim to the disease. Being alarmed over the news, she mounted a horse, took the baby in her arms and swam the horse across the mighty river safely to the opposite shore. What a daring adventure! Jasper Clayton was the only one taken by the epidemic.

I have heard my father tell a story many times during his boyhood days in Coles Valley, when the river and its small tributaries got up, they were full of silver-side salmon. When the dogs ate the fish that indicated an agonizing death. A salmon cure for a sick dog was unknown in those days. The Indians of the valley had a sure cure, but they kept it as a secret from

their white neighbors.

Some people living in the community by the name of Wright owned a very valuable dog. During the salmon season, the dog took ill and was almost dead. One day an Indian called at the Wright home. Mrs. Wright said to the visitor, "If you will cure my sick dog, I will give you that rooster." The Indian said, "I cure your dog. He get well."

The Indian hurried down to the river and soon returned with several varieties of herbs. In turn he made some kind of a tea which was to be given to the dog according to the Indian's directions. In a few days the dog was fully recovered. The white people had tried for years to get the cure from the Indians but had always failed. They were all very disappointed when Mrs. Wright did not learn the treatment when it was prepared in her presence.

Eva E. Clayton was a member of the pioneer Walker family. Her father, W. W. Walker, was born in Bath County, Kentucky, on May 22, 1829. His father, bearing the same name; was a Presbyterian minister. Young Walker, at the age of 20, had heard of the wonderful possibilities in the western states when gold was discovered (1848) in California. Being inspired by the glamorous thrillers, he ventured out west in a wagon train.

After spending a couple of years in the California gold mines, Walker took a boat out of San Francisco in the spring of 1851 to Scottsburg. Here he was occupied in carrying supplies on mules to the mines in Jacksonville. Walker has remarked on numerous occasions that it was not an unusual sight to see as many as 500 mules lined up in the street at one time. At some designated spot along the trail, the packer would stop to refresh himself and to enjoy a nap for an hour or so. This daily practice formed a habit which he carried to the grave. Seeing the result of such an inconvenience, Walker would not permit any of his family to nap in the daytime.

The road from Scottsburg to Jacksonville was only a trail in the early days. It was constructed by the U. S. Government under the supervision of General Joe Hooker. The town was the jobbing center for a large area, covering all of southern Oregon and extending into Northern California, supplying many mining camps and settlers. There were not less than 15 stores in Scottsburg, conducting wholesale and retail business. After the wagon road was constructed an immense freight business was carried on by teams. Many schooners were built on the Umpqua River, brought freight from San Francisco to Scottsburg and carried away such farm and ranch products as could be spared for export.

During the winter of 1852, flour was selling at $1.00 per pound and tobacco at a dollar an ounce.

On June 23, 1858, W. W. Walker was married to Rebecca Huntley. Joseph Hutson, an early-day Justice of the Peace, performed the wedding ceremony. Incidentally, this was the first marriage in

Lookingglass and the seventh one in the county. The young bride was born in Iowa on Feb. 12, 1838. Her father and step-mother, the Joe Huntleys, settled in the Lookingglass Valley in 1851. To them were born twelve children: John Edgar Walker, Aug. 29, 1854; Thomas Alva, Jan. 15, 1857; Sarah Agnes Zachary, July 22, 1858; Ruby Josephine, Jan. 17, 1860; Susan Rose Alexander, Nov. 5, 1863; Jeff Davis, Dec. 6, 1864; America Jane, Jan. 16, 1866; Eva Estella Clayton, May 22, 1870; Gratz, unknown; Daisy Mabel Tomlinson, Sept. 5, 1876; an infant 4 days old; and Jessie Hayes, Dec. 6, 1882. The latter is the only survivor of the Walker family.

It was through his faith and tireless efforts that Walker made his fortune in the California gold mines. He was attributed to finding gold so easily that many legends have been told about his successful activity. Among the old timers of that day he was commonly known as "Monied" Walker. According to a story, Walker spent a winter in mining on the Robert Phipps claim south of Dillard in the 1860's. There was a small ditch on the upper end of the claim that flowed into the river. Near where the Fred Smith house now stands, he panned out $1500 in gold that winter.

Walker took great pride in buying the finest wearing apparel for his young wife. It has often been said that she was one of the most handsome belles of the valley.

For many years Walker and the two eldest sons had a contract to carry the mail from Camas Valley to Myrtle Point in the late 1870's and early 1880's. It required about a week to make a round trip.

In 1875 the family moved from the Meyers place below the Winston bridge to a homestead on Kent Creek. The Walkers had high-topped bedsteads in those days. The limbs on the trees broke off the tops as they were wending their way up the old Kent Gulch Road. There were three or four families living in the vicinity and times were rugged for the early settlers.

The Walkers obtained a few sheep on the shares from Bill Irwin of Ten Mile in 1876. At one time there were as many as 500 sheep on the range. They would call them by blowing a horn. According to an old note book laid away since 1870, prepared by Edgar Walker, the notes in the aged book indicated that wool was quoted at 24 cents and fat lambs at 16 cents per pound in 1879. Strange to note that this same breed of sheep is still on the range today (1876-1957).

To add more to the story the settlers of those days did their fencing with rails. Jake Spaur split rails at 1½ cents each in 1878. It was quite a thriving occupation at that time.

All hours were working hours for the Walkers in those days. No running water in the home. They carried it in by the bucketful from the creek and heated it on the cook stove in a tea kettle and a boiler. For bathing they used round tubs. Some of the household arts were making soap out of oak ashes and lye. They dried all their fruit. Fruit jars then were unheard of. Berries grew

abundantly in the mountains. The berries were cooked, the juice sweetened and concealed in whiskey bottles for future use. A story has been remembered that at one time years ago, hard times hit all parts of the country. Walker solved some of the problem by making shoe soles out of tough hides cured from wild hogs that roamed in the hills.

Rebecca Walker helped to deliver many children into the world. Often she would find an expectant mother in pain with no one to help her, only the older children, who themselves needed attention. More than once she was called from one case to another. Who would think about accepting pay at a time like that? The families were large and children came pretty regularly. The pioneer women were the same as early day angels of mercy in times of need.

Ten of the Walker children attended the old Brockway School, walking five miles each way for three months out of the year. In 1885 one room schoolhouse was built over the mountain on Rice Creek. Eva, Gratz and Daisy attended classes there. Oliver Henry also attended. Della Rice Crawford was their teacher. Jessie, the youngest of the Walker family attended the old Kent Gulch school when it was established in 1891.

For amusement there were a few dances at the neighbors' homes now and then. One summer night in the gay 90's, according to the story remembered, the Walker young folks and some of their neighboring friends attended a dance a mile up the creek at the Bill Dunham home, formerly the old Kyes house. When the group returned from the dance at daybreak, they heard the dogs barking in a nearby ravine. Rushing to the scene, they found the dogs had a panther treed. The first instinct of the two Walker girls, Eva and Daisy, was to climb a small tree for protection. The bewildered panther had taken refuge in an adjoining tree. Edgar Walker shot the animal. It fell to the ground but the wounded panther began climbing the tree occupied by the girls. It was then that the true aim of Edgar came into practice and the panther's pelt was soon seen stretched over a beam in the woodshed.

W. W. Walker left his home in Edina, Knox County, Missouri, in 1849 at the age of 20. He never returned. At one time he departed for his native Kentucky to visit his people but he never got further than San Francisco.

"An old family long laid away"among the Walker descendents was written by Susan Walker Parks of Calcast, Kentucky, on August 29, 1899, directed to her nephew, Edgar Walker of Kent Gulch, Dillard. A couple of paragraphs in the lengthy letter are quoted as follows:

> "Your letter was quite a surprise and was highly appreciated and let me thank you for the interest you have shown in your far away aunt and to let me know about my long absent brother whom I have not seen for fifty years. I was a little girl only 10 years old, but I well remember the long string of canvass covered wagons with hickory bows, lined up in front of our house which

took your father to the gold mines in California. When the last farewell and the last good-bye was said, mother commenced to weep when the wagons started rolling and said--"Bud is gone."

"Glad to hear your father is enjoying good health in his old age. Glad to know he raised a large family of intelligent boys and girls and that he appreciated education enough to give them their share."

NOTE: Walker completed his education as a youth in the Chilicothe Business College, Chilicothe, Missouri, where he received his diploma. Susan W. Parks, a sister spent many years in the Kentucky school rooms. The Walkers of that day were famous for good education.

W. W. Walker was attacked by a stroke one afternoon while cultivating corn at the family home. The last roll call was on June 5, 1901. Rebecca Walker was taken Feb. 5, 1907.

Grant S. Clayton and Eva E. Walker were married in Roseburg, Oregon, on Jan. 25, 1896. Mr. and Mrs. Horace M. Marsters, now of Salem stood up at the wedding. Their first home was on a homestead on upper Kent Creek that my mother filed on in the early nineties. The house was made of rough lumber and consisted of four rooms. The walls were papered with newspapers. My father and Ernest Crane of Coles Valley added a mud fireplace to the dwelling. To this union was born two sons, both on the homestead. I was born on April 3, 1898, and Elzie Clayton, Apr. 15, 1903.

During those days came times of sickness. My memory serves me well when I was the victim of a terrible malady caused from a cat scratch. This is how it happened--

In the evenings the cat was in the habit of climbing upon a barrel in the kitchen and placing her paw through a knot hole in the wall. I was in the living room. This was great pleasure for me to tantalize the cat. One time she scratched me deeply on the right thumb.

A severe case of blood poisoning soon developed in the upper arm. The ailment grew worse from time to time. Home remedies were not known. Doctors were far away and the mode of travel was slow. I was taken to Roseburg several times for treatment. At last the doctor said the only hope to relieve the suffering was to amputate the arm. My folks did not favor the idea.

My father took me through the mountains to old Doc Taylor who lived on a mining claim on Coursegold Creek in the Upper Olalla country. The doctor was formerly from New York. I wasn't quite five years old at the time. Father owned an old brown mare we called "Old Bird". I rode behind. There were patches of snow on the ground and I thought my feet would freeze. Surgery was almost unknown at the turn of the century. The backwoods doctor instructed my father how to handle the case. We stayed at the

Alexander home on the old Vandever place. That night he opened the wound with a razor. The poisoned corruption vanished from the system.

I recall so clearly on that night the Alexander children gathered around me during the operation and told me if I wouldn't get fussy they would give me a bull calf. I don't know to this day what happened to the calf. The plan was carefully carried out and in a few days I was sound and well.

There is more yet to the story. During this same time a young nephew to my mother, Arthur Alexander, fell into the creek and developed pneumonia. With her untiring care and home nursing, he fully recovered.

Here is a brief legend that would serve well in the comic section. The funny experiences are well remembered and have created much fun and laughter for many years. This is the scene:

To start the story off, the Walkers owned a ram they called Jerusalem. He was much larger than the ordinary run of sheep. Strange to say he would not associate with the flock but would keep company with the milk cows. The sheep grew up as a pet among the Walker children. Fighting was his life's career. If you had no means for defense, the sheep would make it very interesting. The bicycle riders of that day were always on the alert.

When we were living on the old homestead, my father decided one day to go out on Shaperell Mountain to salt the cattle. I was quite small then. When I got tired walking father would carry me in the pack sack. Our little ring-neck dog known as Ring also went along. Everything was going smoothly.

When we arrived on the mountain top, the wind was blowing a gale. The cowbells were ringing in the distance. As we were trodding along a trail we met old Jerusalem. That meant a fight would be slated. Father lifted me up in the crotch of a scrubby oak and told me not to fall out.

The man and sheep were having it all around but the sheep was scoring many tallies. Finally, father found a club which he put into use. The first stroke over old Jerusalem's head the club broke into pieces. That didn't help the situation but it made matters worse. The dog was interested in a digger squirrel under the brink of the hill and consequently he was of no help. By this time a well-seasoned laurel limb was enacted into service. When the dog took an active part in the battle, the sheep suffered his first defeat. A short while later the fighting career of old Jerusalem came to a fatal end when he was dropped by a bullet.

Grant Clayton hauled lumber from Wonder to Grants Pass on a wide-tired wagon with a team of four horses in the summer of 1901. Those were the days of poor roads. It required all day to make a round trip. We were living on the old Richards place at Brockway then. My father had cautioned mother in his letters to see to it that I didn't wander away and fall into a well.

I can remember when mother and I went out to Grants Pass on the train to spend the summer and fall. This was my first train ride, in fact it was the first time I ever saw a steam engine pulling a string of cars. When the huge monster came thundering into the Dillard station, I was so frightened that I hid behind my mother. When we were on the train it glided along so smoothly that I thought it was standing still. While looking out the window, I couldn't understand why the telegraph poles were travelling so swiftly.

That night we slept in a large barn at the edge of town. The next morning a photographer took our picture in the wagon below the railroad. This experience was something new in my life. The house we lived in at Wonder was a small weather-boarded affair. The paint was peeling off. I can remember very plainly a grape vine clinging along the eaves of the back porch.

In the summer of 1905 our family moved from Kent Creek to Roseburg, mostly because the school in the vicinity had been permanently discontinued. My father was engaged in the realty business associated with Finis Dillard. Mother took in sewing at ten cents per hour. After living in Roseburg for five years, we moved to the old Kent place at Dillard in June 1910, which was a donation land claim taken by L. D. Kent in 1852. They farmed extensively and raised stock. In addition to that they were noted for their gardening ability. It was through their hard work and good management among the old timers that their tomatoes and large melons became famous in all western city markets. They spent 32 years on the old Kent place.

The remaining years of Grant and Eva Clayton were spent in a home on Kent Creek, a tract of land acquired from her mother's estate. She planned a snug little five room house. The location was selected on the edge of her property where the site commanded the best view as a place to build her house. A little mountain stream ambled along by the dwelling, supplying water a-plenty, crystal clear and cold for home use. A couple of towering maple trees produced an abundance of shade. In October 1936, Stace Laurance of Olalla was engaged to supervise its construction.

One look at her gentle, kindly face and you would know that Eva Clayton has always been what they call "a fine woman". Then take a look at twinkly-eyed Grant Clayton and you would see he has been "a good man"--at least since they were married in Roseburg in 1896. The couple has always been helpful and in any kind of emergency always lending a helping hand.

Their home all through the long years has been famous for hospitality. Often distinguished guests visited the Claytons, of course; but the welcome was not alone for them. It was no more unusual to find a group of dirt farmers or weary travelers seated around the Clayton table. An old time saying, "the latchstring on their door always hung out."

Eva Clayton was a lady who possessed the very best of judgment and was well experienced in stock raising. She was one of

the best judges of sheep in her time--cared for her large flock until age and sickness prohibited the strenous activity.

One of her great loves was her flowers. The flower garden was jambed packed with every choice variety imaginable. Far from being neglected, the flowers always bloomed. Her favorite plant was the fuschia. Never was she happier than when she was working among them. Eva Clayton took great pleasure in having a yard which was a bower of colorful blooms. Many of her friends, both old and young, had her cheerful bouquets in their sick rooms.

Vera Phipps Rice, another great lover of flowers, visited many times at the Clayton home. She was given many choice slips. These were planted in the corner of the Rice yard, dedicated to the memory of Eva E. Clayton. During their season, the spot was a blooming paradise which Vera commonly called "Eva's flower garden".

She could coax back those tired appetites with her art as a good cook. The threshing crews knew her for those wonderful breakfasts--ham and eggs, fried potatoes with ham gravy, sourdough biscuits, home-made cereal and coffee. A meal in the Clayton home would not be complete if the plates of golden brown sourdough biscuits were missing from the table. Here is her recipe:

Eva Clayton, like our pioneer grandmothers, saved sour "starter dough" from one baking to the next and what marvelous biscuits she baked--crammed with natural vitamins, minerals and the flavor of her favorite, whole grain flour, the "Umpqua Chief".

"Mix with 1 pint of flour with 1 pint of milk into a gallon stone crock and beat to a smooth batter. Sour milk is preferred for the starter. Set in a warm place until well soured and fermented. By this time the dough has risen nearly to the top of the crock. Then pour out a certain amount of dough into a batch of flour, depending on the number of biscuits you plan to bake. Then add a teaspoon full of salt and about 1½ teaspons full of soda. This would be about right for 12 or 15 biscuits. Knead thoroughly, until dough is no longer sticky. Then cut into biscuits and bake in a pan containing plenty of grease. Oven indicator should register about 400. They should be baked a golden brown in about 20 minutes or so. Lastly, you add a cupful of flour to the yeast in the crock and mix well with milk. The sour yeast will rise and be ready for the next meal.

The art of sour dough biscuit making is mostly accomplished by daily practice. They can't be excelled if made properly. Eva Clayton never trusted the heat thermometer on the oven door. She would judge the temperature for all her baking by placing her hand in the oven. Laughingly, she has remarked many times, "when the yeast in the crock runs over in a little while after it is made, that is a sure indication of rain." It never failed.

Grant and Eva Clayton always raised a fine vegetable garden, a flock of chickens and a smoke house full of hams and bacon just about completed the picture if you can get by without mentioning a

pantry crammed full of tasty preserves and canned fruit products out of her own labor.

At a day like this when many of us are resigned to a comfortable rocking chair, the Claytons have set the pace in the valley with all their activity of those who stopped in to take over after the early pioneers laid the groundwork.

Grant S. Clayton answered the death call on Apr. 5, 1948. Eva E. Clayton answered on Sept. 29, 1950. They have departed from the little mountain vale which they once knew as home, but are not forgotten.

The End

THE BURNETT FAMILY

Early Oregon Pioneers

by

Blanche Burnett Elliott

Colonel John S. Burnett was born near Fredericksburg, Virginia in 1785. He was the son of Edward Burnett, a native of England. His family later moved to Tennessee, where he became a friend of Andrew Jackson and served under his command in the war of 1812. The family moved westward to Missouri where he served in the war of 1846. He was married to Lydia Danforth, daughter of Josiah Danforth, a veteran of the Revolutionary War. To this union were born three sons and three daughters.

John S. Burnett and his son Josiah crossed the plains in 1849 with Kit Carson's wagon train coming to Oregon and California on Horseback on an exploration trip. They returned to Missouri telling their family and friends of the wonderful opportunities in the West.

John S. Burnett crossed the plains three times from Missouri, the last trip in 1853, bringing his family and settling at Clark's Branch on what is now the Bounds farm. His wife died on July 20, 1854 and is buried in a little cemetery on this farm, as land was reserved for this cemetery as there were no others at that time.

His daughter, Martha Burnett, married Michael Hanley, a native of Ohio, who had come West in 1849 and taken up a donation land claim on what was later known as the Booth ranch, near Dole, Oreg. Another daughter, Leticia, married Hugh Casey, a pioneer bachelor who owned land next to Mr. Hanley. Mr. and Mrs. Hanley later moved to Jacksonville, Oregon, where they held extensive holdings, and their descendants still own and reside on the original Hanley farm. Mr. and Mrs. Casey moved to the Grants Pass vicinity. The other daughter, Mary, married William Knapp. They later moved to Santa Rosa, California. One son, Josiah, who had come West with his father in 1849, had met Miss Lucy Foster, daughter of Phillip Foster, who owned a farm and trading post at Eagle Creek, Oregon, on the "Oregon Trail". After a few months they were married and settled on part of the Booth ranch, later moving to Eagle Creek, where their descendants still own the original Foster farm.

Another son, Andrew Jackson Burnett, married Mary E. Hoover, daughter of Dr. George W. Hoover, an early-day physician of Roseburg. They established a home at Round Prairie, later moving to California.

The eldest son, James D. Burnett, was born in Blount County, Tennessee, in 1825. He had married Margaret E. Love, daughter of Thomas B. Love, a large plantation owner in Tennessee and Missouri,

on May 10th, 1847. In the spring of 1850 James D. Burnett and his wife and two small daughters, Martha and Frances, left Missouri, travelling with ox teams in a wagon train bound for the Oregon Territory, following the "Oregon Trail" westward.

In the same train came the Rev. John Dillard family, who were related to Mrs. Burnett, as her grandfather, General Thomas Love, had married Martha Ann Dillard. There were three other Love-Dillard marriages.

The pioneers endured many hardships in crossing the plains but, with due faith and courage, they finally reached Oregon in the fall and spent the first winter at Salem. James D. Burnett and John Dillard went on southward on horseback to the gold mines in Southern Oregon and California, and on their way looked for a location. As they crossed Roberts Mountain and viewed the beautiful valley just south of there, Mr. Burnett chose that location and took up a donation land claim of six hundred and forty acres. Mr. Dillard chose a location just west of Roberts Mountain which was later named Dillard.

They returned to Salem and brought their families to their new homes. Mr. Burnett built a log cabin and stockade at his place as there was an Indian village on the South Umpqua River near his home. The Indians would often go on the "warpath" and it was necessary to corral all livestock and settlers as well. There were port holes in the log cabin for protection in case of an Indian attack. At one time when the Indians became hostile, Mr. Burnett quietly slipped out of the stockade after dark and, taking two saddle horses, swam the river and went to the home of neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Moore, to warn and rescue them. Mrs. Moore rode behind Mr. Burnett and Mr. Moore rode the other horse and carried their small daughter. They again had to swim the river as the Indians were guarding the ford. They safely arrived at the stockade and during the night the Indians raided the Moore home, burned the house and granary, and would have massacred the family had they not been rescued earlier. Mr. Burnett served in the Indian War and was engaged in several battles with the Indians.

There is an Indian cemetery on the old Burnett farm. When an Indian died, the tribe would dig a round grave and bury the deceased with all his belongings as they believed he would need them when he reached the "happy hunting ground".

A post office was established at Round Prairie in 1853. The mail came by "Pony Express" and it required six months to get mail from Missouri. Mr. Burnett was the postmaster. Later, in 1860, the stage coaches came into vogue and carried the mail, express and passengers, until 1882 when the railroad was completed through Southern Oregon.

Mr. Burnett donated the right-of-way through his farm with the understanding that the railroad company establish a station and put in a siding. All passenger trains and freights were

to stop on flag. The station was called Round Prairie and the station was continued until a few years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Burnett were the parents of seven daughters and one son, namely Martha and Frances who were born in Missouri; Laura; Mary; Lydia, who became the wife of Horace G. Hurlburt, a native of Canada and a railroad surveyor through Oregon; Lucy, who became the wife of Jasper B. Waite, son of Solomon Waite of Round Prairie and an early-day railroad engineer out of Roseburg; Virginia; and Thomas B. Burnett who was born on April 10, 1858. The mother died in 1867, leaving Mr. Burnett with the large family of children to rear. All of the daughters died at an early age and Thomas was the only child to survive his father, who died in 1903.

Thomas became an early-day stage driver and drove between Roseburg and Southern Oregon until the railroad was completed in 1882. He then went to northern California where he drove stage for several more years. He was married on April 7, 1886, to Jennie Cook, a native of Pennsylvania; at Cloverdale, California. They moved to Round Prairie, Oregon, in 1887, where they lived until their deaths. Mrs. Burnett passed away in 1937, and Mr. Burnett died in 1941.

They were the parents of nine children, namely Mary and Mable who died in infancy; Mrs. Roy T. Rice (Margaret), deceased; George F. Burnett, Round Prairie; Mrs. William Pomeroy (Verne) Portland; Mrs. Archie Elliott (Blanche) Roseburg; Mrs. Herbert Britt (Ruth) Eugene; Thomas C. Burnett, San Francisco; and Gordon Burnett, Round Prairie. There are several grandchildren, great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren, which is representative of the seventh generation of the Burnett family in Oregon. The descendants still own part of the original donation land claim at Round Prairie. The rest of it is known as the Round Prairie Ranch.

John S. Burnett, James D. Burnett and Thomas B. Burnett were all influential in the development of Douglas County. Their descendants are proud of their heritage and owe a debt of gratitude to all the sturdy pioneers who were responsible for our great land of today. Their names shall be held in reverence.

It is difficult to realize the great progress made in little more than a century, from ox teams and pony express to freeways, airways, television and the many things we now enjoy, thanks to our forefathers.

The End

BIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW ERVIN STREET

MALIN, OREGON

by

Sherley Clayton
Dillard, Oregon
Jan. 26, 1956

Biography

of

ANDREW ERVIN STREET
Malin, Oregon -1956

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Dillard, Oregon
Jan. 26, 1956.

Andrew Ervin Street was born in Millport, Alabama, on October 29, 1891. The second of five children. His father, Francis Marion Street, was a school teacher and his mother had taught school up until the time of their marriage. He attended the ungraded schools of the south at the following locations: Veron, Scooba, Logtown and Shubuta, Mississippi, and Trenton, Georgia. Following that, he spent nearly a year and a half at Hiwassee College in East Tennessee, a denominational school, where his father was an instructor.

Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man" seemed to intrigue him about the time he was seventeen years of age and in December, 1908, he and a friend decided to seek their fortunes in the West, their preference being New Mexico. The parents of the boys persuaded them to go to Oregon instead, since the other boy, Alex Bays, had an uncle, Tom Finlay, living at Glide, Oregon.

They landed in Roseburg about one week before Christmas. The total amount of their finances at that time was about $1.00. They secured a room for the night for 25¢ in an old two-frame lodging house known as the Central Hotel. They spent the balance the next morning for breakfast and lunch materials and started walking to Glide, some 20 miles distant east of Roseburg.

The remainder of the winter was spent at Glide with the Tom Finley family, the relatives of Alex Bays. Young Street paid for his board by slashing timber. When spring opened, the boys secured a job slashing timber and building fence. They received 50¢ a day each and a shack to live and food for batching. When this job ran out, Alex Bays decided to seek work in Portland. Young Street stayed at Glide and until the following fall worked at various jobs such as in a prune orchard, building road, and haying on a large ranch.

In September 1909, he entered Roseburg High School as a senior and graduated in June 1910, valedictorian of his class. He and a Glide boy, Cecil Blakely batched and young Street had two janitor jobs which enabled him to pay his own way through his last year of high school. He worked at various jobs during the summer of 1910 and took the examination for a teaching permit. He learned of a vacancy in the Brockway school and made application in person

to the two directors, William Bremmer and W. W. Johnson. I. B. Nichols was the school clerk. He secured the position and on October 2, 1910, began his first teaching job at Brockway at a salary of $60 per month. He secured board and room in the John McBee home, paying $15.00 per month. He did not attain his 19th birthday until 27 days after the beginning of school.

The grades did not go beyond the seventh. School closed on March 31, 1911. The pupils listed in the register were Viola Wheat, Glen Lamb, Sherley Clayton, Lucia Fancher, Rollin Shaw, Ruth Darrow, Walter Johnston, Bernice Burks, Carrol Fancher, Margaret Bremner, Gladys Johnston, Cleal Davis, Elzie Clayton, Clarence Johnston, Alvira Lewis, Myrtle Wheat, Roy Burks, Rosie Davis, Ruth Lamb, Wallace Johnston, Raymond Stevens, Ted Van de Vord, Victor Nichols, Mary Bremner, and Fred Burks.

He entered the University of Oregon at Eugene in the fall of 1911, after teaching six months at Brockway and five months at the Wertz school, east of Yoncalla, Oregon. Two years were spent at the University majoring in civil engineering. While there he batched, washed dishes for his board, and lived in the house of the President of the University for one year, doing the necessary janitor work. The summer of 1912, Ervin worked on a surveying gang west of Eugene. When the work was completed at the end of summer, in order to save a $5.00 stage fare, he walked back to Eugene, covering fifty-one miles in one day.

The following summer found him in Douglas County selling books (The Volume Library) in an effort to secure enough money for another year at the University. A considerable number of books was sold, but not enough. A teaching job seemed in order and the Upper Camas Valley School was secured.

The following summer, June 7, 1914, young Street was married to Leah Siegal, a Camas Valley girl. He continued teaching at Upper Camas the following year. The two years following, he was principal of a three-room school in Lower Camas and taught three years of high school work.

The next four years were spent in Douglas County as Rural School Supervisor and 4H Club Leader, with the exception of part of 1918 which was spent in the army. Travel in Douglas County rural areas was difficult at that time, especially during the rainy season of the year. Young Street did most of his travelling on foot with a pack on his back. On one occasion while walking from Scottsburg to Loon Lake over a narrow, twisting, mountain road he came face to face with a big black bear on a sharp turn in the road. Not more than thirty feet separated them. The bear took the initiative by leaping out of the road and taking off up the mountain through the thick brush where he could be heard still going about a quarter of a mile away. If he had paused just a moment longer before starting, he would have been saved all of that trouble, because there would have been a young supervisor making tracks down the road toward Scottsburg, tracks an unbelievable distance apart, and tracks that were visible only on the high spots.

Next followed two years at Oregon State College studying agriculture where a B. S. Degree was received in 1923. Charles Francis Street, the only child of Leah and Andrew Ervin Street, was born in Corvallis on May 22, 1914, during this year at college. Honors earned there were membership in Alpha Zeta and Gamma Sigma Delta, honorary agricultural fraternities, and a letter in baseball.

The fall of 1923 found Ervin Street at Malin, Oregon, where he was principal of the high school, coach, and instructor in agriculture, mathematics, and science. In 1931, he became superintendent of Malin schools, which position he still holds. In 1937 he was elected to Kappa Delta Pi, honorary education fraternity. In 1940 he finished work for and received his Master's Degree in Education. The past year marks his 32nd year in the same school system.

The End